The Times.

A LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

The Reading Matter will consist of Original Stories, History, Biography, Agriculture, Education, Poetry, and the Foreign and Domestic News of the Day.

VOL. II.} NO. 17.} GREENSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 23, 1857. {WHOLE NO. 68.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE TIMES.

Conrad De Castro,

THE OATH BOUND;

OR,

MYSTERIOUS STRANGER & GOLDEN KEY.

A UNION STORY BY THIRTEEN AUTHORS.

EDITED BY ROB: G. STAPLES.

CHAPTER III.

BY SARAH J. C. WHITTLESEY.

The Forest—Hazel Glen—The Sepulchre—The Revulsion.

"'Tis night when meditation bids us feel
We once have loved, though love is at an end;
The heart, lone mourner of its baffled zeal,
Though friendless now, will dream it had a friend!"

Conrad heaved a heavy and prolonged sigh, as he repeated the sad quatrain.

"Poor Byron!" he murmured.

A wind-waft, rippling through the leafy aisles of the dusky forest, caught up the sympathizing sound, and bore it away—away through the purple darkness, till the hills of shadow, piled up, by the hand of night, seemed pulsing with the low heart-sob: "poor Byron!"

"'And fiends might pity what I feel,
To know that thou art lost forever!'"

Conrad stood still, unconsciously. The fitful flashes of a soul on fire, blazed through the thick lashes that half hid his black eyes.

"*Is* there a God?"—the long, midnight fringes lifted their heavy cloud-shadows from his bronzed cheeks, and the wild, despairing orbs rested upon a golden star glancing from its violet home, through the shivering boughs, into the frienzied depths of those uplifted windows of his inner nature. A wind-gush wailed through the solemn forest-ways, twirling the red leaves high, in the moonlight's gold, and shrieking, moaning down the long lane of twilight gloom that lengthened before him. A sensation of awe overpowered him; he lifted his cap, reverently, and seemed listening for a response. A sear leaf rustled above his head, and wavered slowly, tremblingly, to his feet.

The gentle emotions that liquified his stern, sceptical nature, congealed at sight of the fallen leaf. He replaced his cap upon the drifting curls that shaded his lofty brow, and folded his arms, firmly, upon his broad breast. A half smile of scorn and defiance slightly curled his cold, proud lips. Conrad stood, in the mellow moonlight, sifted through the broken roof of forest leaves, and faintly silvering the amber haze, glorious in manly beauty—the beauty of a fallen angel—a Satan hurled from Heaven!

"Symbol of my life," he mused, "its summer is over and gone, and the cold winds of autumn-time are wailing around the worn tenement—soon the faded leaf of humanity will fall from the shivering tree of life, never to renew its freshness."

"We all do fade as a leaf."

Conrad started. The voice was sweet and clear, but no form was visible.

"And, like it, we perish *forever*!" (?) Conrad spoke half positively, half interrogatively.

"Whence came the spirit that is writhing in anguish, within the walls of that 'worn tenement,' stung to madness by the keen fang of Remorse? Who 'stretched out the heavens, like a scroll, and hung the earth upon nothing'

'Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made them glorious as the Gates of Heaven,
Beneath the keen, full moon? Who bade the Sun
Clothe them with rainbows? who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at Earth's feet?'"

The voice paused for a reply. It was close beside him. Conrad extended his arms to clasp the invisible speaker, but they enclosed an 'empty void.'

"Who?" Conrad breathlessly awaited the response.

"God! let the torrents like a shout of nations
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo—God!"

"*Is* there a God?" Conrad bared his pale brow to the night-breeze, and a softer shade rested upon it.

"'The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His 'handiwork.' Trust, thou, in Him,

'And the night shall be filled with gladness,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently, steal away.'"

The voice appeared to issue from his own breast. Conrad laid his hand, impulsively, there; it pressed the Golden Key that pulsed beneath his touch with vigorous life. He drew it forth, gleaming brilliantly in the liquid moonlight, and the sweet voice waved out far into the dusky depths of the solitude: "The fool hath said, in his heart, *there is* no God."

"Ha! ha!" Conrad turned, at the mad laugh; the Hermitess was beside him.

"Ha! ha! I smote the rock with the rod of remorse, and the waters of repentance gushed out! I saw them flowing, flowing, rippling, rippling down the memory-pebbled channel of thought, through the long-gone days of other years, a tiny tributary to the great reservoir of penitential tears, and I knew the mighty deep of error was broken up, and the black waters would ooze away beneath the magic music of the Golden Key, and a new fountain spring up, in the softened soul! I saw a black-winged cloud swooping over the broad horizon of the Heart, and it shut out, one by one, the little stars from the blooming garden of Youth, and bound the bright Sun of manhood, in a cold winding-sheet of wo, and rolled a great stone of guilt, at the mouth of its sepulchre! And the bonnie buds of spring-time died early, and they bloomed no more, for the white ice locked the tender roots in its frozen arms, and the little germs perished in their cold, cold cradle! But the sunshine struggles in the still depth of the gray sepulchre, and the Golden Key can roll away the great cloud-stone, and bid it 'come forth.' Come and I will show you where it is laid!"

Conrad followed his flying guide, impulsively, grasping the Golden Key, that palpitated in his cold fingers.

On, on she went, her long loose hair drifting wildly upon the night air, and the mad laugh breaking up through the darkness and deep stillness.

It was a sombre spot, and Conrad shuddered as he descended into the glen. The 'blackness of darkness' enveloped it, and but for the brilliant rays emitted from the Golden Key, Conrad would have been left to grope in utter uncertainty.

"Come and see!"—it was the voice of his wild guide, wailing through the dark. He obeyed, mechanically, the imperative command. A high hill of blackness was before him, made up of separate parcels of Erebus darkness.

"The sunshine is under the cloud, and only the Golden Key can lift the black folds from its brightness! Now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation—to-morrow is not thine!"

Conrad feared and trembled at the solemn voice of his strange guide. He grasped the Golden Key, and lifted the topmost shadow. It unfolded, at the touch, and he beheld a long-neglected prayer, taught by a pious and departed mother. A brighter light sparkled from the Key, as he repeated it with intense earnestness.

Slowly and silently the hill of shadows was removed. Conrad read in each detached portion, some long-ago perpetrated deed of darkness. They melted into mist, and floated away upon the air, as each fell from the Golden Key. Only the great stone remained. Conrad quivered with overpowering emotions, as he read the epitaph of his soul's buried sunshine: "SLIGHTED LOVE!" He hesitated, doubting his capacity to remove the ponderous weight.

"Fear not; believe only."

He turned from the encouraging voice of the Hermit, and placed the Golden Key upon the great stone. It yielded slightly to the touch and a glimmering ray struggled from beneath. Conrad well nigh despaired of success, and his hand dropped despondingly.

"To him that hath shall be given"—it was the sweet clear tones of the magic Key, and nerved him to renewed effort. He exerted all his energies to accomplish the object—the great stone rolled away, like a morning cloud, and Conrad plunged headlong into the open sepulchre among the pent-up sunshine that had been shrouded for years. It was no stone, but a bed of down that received him, and the bright Sun, as it rose up from its long-time prison, lifted him, in a gilded car of broided beams, and swam off upon the golden air, higher and higher, till the Hermit of Hazel Glen grew but a speck in the blue distance, as he caught her last words winding up the ethereal pathway: "Go and sin no more."

A rich gush of bird-melody ebbed and flowed in waves of liquid music, above him, and Conrad raised his head, impulsively. It came in contact with a harder substance, and the concussion created a sensation of pain. He started up. The great red morning sun was shining upon his shut eyelids and scorching his brown face. His noble steed, ready caparisoned, grazed hard by, and a song-bird shouted and sang, and shook its glossy wings in wild joy, above his head, and mingled its melody with the silver waters rippling beneath his feet.

Conrad rubbed his eyes, and looked again. It was only a dream, then—a wild, mad, black dream—caused by the fevered state of his mind—and he had visited Waterford only in imagination;—in fact, he had slept all night beneath the sheltering maple, where, travel weary and care-worn, he had sat down the evening previous to enjoy the sublime picturesque beauty of the surrounding scenery—and there was nothing real in aught that had transpired. Imelda was *not* in the spirit-land; but—ah! was she *not dead* to *him!*—how had he wronged her! was it too late to atone? his heart throbbed with conflicting emotions, warring with hope and despair. But the dream! (how like reality—) was it not permeated with deep import? There *was* a God, and His angels had descended upon a golden ladder of dreams, to turn his feet from evil, and lead him in the right way!

Conrad lifted his cap, reverently, and knelt, in the morning light, upon the mossy bank of the stream, and breathed the prayer of his sinless childhood,—(would it had been breathed with less of doubt—) then, springing upon his noble steed, he retraced his steps of the previous days, towards the far home of the still loved and loving Imelda. He was not sufficiently familiar with the Holy Word to recall, as he hasted over the hills and far away: "In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed, then He openeth the hearts of men, and sealeth their instruction; that He may turn man from his purpose."

CHAPTER IV.

BY CLARENCE CARLETON.

A new friend—Prospects brighten—Disappointment—the Sealed Packet.

"Oh! that I were
The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,
A living voice, of breathing harmony,
A bodiless enjoyment—born and dying
With the blest tone which made me."

Conrad, as he rode along the weary road was oblivious to everything around him. The exquisite beauties of the surrounding scenery were all lost on him—so intensely was his mind revolving the scenes through which it had so recently passed.

He was becoming exceedingly agitated—almost over-powered by his own cogitations when a slight noise apparently a short distance from the road arrested his attention and roused him from his reverie.

"What can it be?" he mentally exclaimed—"shall I never have peace? Shall I ever be haunted by the wild spirit of my dreams? Am I *then* doomed?" While thus interrogating himself he seemed to be drawing nearer to the spot whence the noise proceeded. Another shrill, piteous scream caused him to shudder till the cold sweat stood on his broad intellectual forehead in large beads.

A strange undefinable dread took possession of his soul which led his heart to quicken its pulsations. His feelings were too great for utterance. He could only make short stifled ejaculations like the following. "O God, if thou livest and art righteous in all thy—— O Infinite power, show me the secret of this awful mystery, and——." Ere he was aware he had reached the object whose voice had given rise to this expression of feeling, and stooping down he thus interrogated the form which lay prostrated before him: "Unfortunate one—fairest of the fair, whence came you here? Whence these wounds? Fear not to impart to me the story of your wrong. I am your friend."

He removed his cap and waited an answer. He only received a groan in reply. He paused, and would have continued when the stranger raising her imploring eyes and fixing them with an intensity on Conrad, which caused him to quake with fear, thus spoke:

"O sir, I thought to die alone, and forsaken. Yes, I even coveted such a death: and when I heard your footsteps nearing me, my spirit told me I was doomed to be tormented before the time. I cannot live long—the sands of my career are already well nigh run. I would tell you, sir, all but I grow faint—the light of life is even now flickering in its socket, but——"

Here she gave another wailing sigh, and relapsed into a state of apparent "lifelessness."

Conrad groaned in spirit, while all the emotions of his heart which had been buried long ago, gushed forth in sympathy to relieve the distressed form that was now bleeding in agony before him. Considering what was best to be done he tied his steed to a tree near by and stepped down to a clear pearly brook which danced joyously through the forest glen, and returned with water, with which he proposed to his unfortunate unknown friend to wash her wounds. In view of such expressions of kindness from an entire stranger, Dulcinia (for this we shall call her) gave indications of gratitude and wept. He too dropt a tear of compassion.

Having dressed the wounds in the best manner possible the invalid began to feel relief, and sat up and looked around on the scenery with apparent pleasure, and with emotions of delight she exclaimed: "How glorious are these works, my Father made them all.—Great is the mystery of creation! how wonderful the allotments of the race, and yet how wise." Conrad almost began to question the last expression,—he shuddered. She continued—"Peace of mind is a storehouse of continual joy—from thence is pure happiness. God is the portion of the soul and——"

She was interrupted here by Conrad who deemed it wise, as the sun was descending to his western chambers, and as his friend might be in danger of becoming worse from the effects of the falling dews. He proposed to her to accompany him to his home where she would be cared for during her recovery.

"But how, Sir, can I go? I cannot walk. I am yet very weak."

"Oh," he replied, "I will raise you on my steed and walk by your side to prevent you from falling."

She was soon seated on the spirited animal, whose fiery nature first disconcerted Dulcinia, but as they proceeded on their way he become more peaceful. They walked along for some distance ere either spoke, Conrad, however, soon broke the silence.

"Dulcinia," he remarked "my dear friend, this meeting has relieved my soul of a burden which has been pressing upon it with a force almost overpowing. The heart will always seek, and (is sure to) find a relief, when it is down cast, in acts of kindness to the unfortunate. It is well that it is so. I too, Dulcinia, am unfortunate,—my life is a mystery to myself. I feel betimes that I merit the punishment which I am called to endure."

"Why?" interrupted the fair listener. "You cannot be guilty of any crime—your generous actions, and your kind words of sympathy bespeak for you another and quite a different nature."

Conrad's last words had unconsciously made such an impression on his mind, that while his fair companion was speaking he scarcely knew the import of her language—so absorbed was he in the thought suggested by his own words. They were now near their destination.

Conrad, in a few words, stated to Dulcinia that he would see that all proper attention would be paid her until her restoration to perfect health.

"Thank you," returned the fair one—"a thousand thanks—may the Gods bless you is my humble prayer."

Arrived at the porch which led to Conrad's dwelling he assisted Dulcinia from the steed, and gave orders to those in waiting in reference to her comfort.

We shall drop the curtain here for the present leaving our fair and yet unknown friend to make herself known on a future occasion.

* * * * * *

Conrad is alone—a thousand thoughts now trouble his mind. He has now time for sober, calm reflection.

The scenes through which he had passed gave rise to many conflicting feelings. The loved one of the past were almost lost in the engrossing thoughts of the present.

"Is Imelda the once loveliest of the fair—my own, to be banished from me and my thoughts? Shall it be?"

The emotions of his fiercer nature were evidently roused from their source, by the holy influence which hung like a halo around the presence of Dulcinia.

There was a charm in it to his troubled heart. Yet he longed to have the mystery of her life solved. He thought he saw in the benign expression of her countenance the outlines of a long lost dream—a picture of the past.

"Do my thoughts deceive me?" he exclaimed aloud.

"Can it be—how came she there then? Oh, no, it cannot be. Yet will I wait the future with hope of brighter days and more joyous hours."

While in this conflict of feeling, Conrad was seated by his window, which afforded a magnificent view of the——river meandering through between the mountains which rose in proud grandeur on either side. The "full orb'd moon" was just rising, throwing her silvery beams like resplendent bars athwart the mountain peaks, occasionally dipping their sparkling edges in the calm silent stream as it moved on noiselessly in her course. In this state, with all surrounding nature smiling upon him, Conrad fatigued by the excitements of the day past, soon fell into a quiet slumber from which he did not awake till aroused by the carols of the warbling throng, hymning their morning lay in the trees which overhung the window where he was still seated.

When he awoke, he was afraid of himself. He did not know whether to consider it a dream or a reality. But a little reflection soon convinced him of the true state of the case. And, accordingly, having finished his toilet he descended to breakfast. On his enquiry after Dulcinia, he was informed that when they sought her room in the morning to enquire if she wished anything, they found that she had gone, and on searching the house she could be found no where.

Conrad turned pale. He knew not what to do nor say. He was in a dilemma. "Could it have been a dream I had?" he asked himself. "Was she not a body and did she not speak?—Ah! she was not a spirit: No. I will make search, and find the bottom of the mystery. Yes, methought she looked like an etherial being. Could it be my own Imelda? Oh! may I yet behold her in all her former beauty and loveliness?"

He ceased—he was over powered with emotion.

He partook of a little nourishment and ordered his steed, and was soon descending the ridge of mountain which stretched toward the right of the cottage on the westward. The beauties of the young morning were not in his thoughts as he hasted along the road.

He took the shortest route to the spot where he discovered the unfortunate the night previous—perchance, some clue to the mystery which had caused him so much trouble and uneasiness of mind might be obtained. As soon as he approached the confines of the forest, his ear was charmed with th swelling strains of the most exquisite melody.

Conrad reined in his steed, and stood entranced, while the mellifluous song poured forth.

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days:
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor nam'd thee but to praise.

She lived as lives a peaceful dove,
She died as blossoms die:
And now her spirit floats above,
A Seraph in the sky!

Yet, shrin'd with many a sweet sad thought
That lov'd one's memory lingers still;
For O! she left a void that nought
But mourful thoughts can fill!"

As the strain ceased, Conrad began to divine the object of the song which came over his spirit like a swelling surge which dashes along the shore.

Unable longer to remain in suspense Conrad mounted his steed and hastened to the entrance to the forest. Here he tied his steed and proceeded on foot along the pathway, which led from the public road, guided by the sounds of one appearantly in grief. Presently a scene met his gaze—prostrate over a new made mound, pouring out her lamentations for one who slept beneath, was a woman. Conrad stood rivited to the ground as he gazed on the aged form convulsed with emotions which almost made her beside herself. He had stood for some time ere the woman discovered that she had company. And when she looked up she ceased from her sorrow, and asked with a sonorous voice:

"Whom seek you? What is thy commission? By whom are you sent. Whom seek you?"

Conrad was so overpower'd by the circumstances, and the thoughts to which they gave rise, that he was silent for awhile. He attempted to speak, but utterance entirely failed him. At length he informed the "Hermit" for such he discovered her to be as the memory of his dream flashed upon his mind, the object of his visit; and related the circumstances of the day previous. After the recital he burst into a flood of tears.

Conrad, after his emotions had somewhat subsided, gave a full account of his meeting with Dulcinia the day previous, of his conversation with her, of his having accompanied her to his home, and then of her singular disappearance.

"Ha! ha!" responded the Hermit,—"she is now away from all that will cause sorrow. She breathed the last breath in my withered arms; and these weather beaten, rough hands closed her mild, weak blue eyes in their sockets. Ere she soared away, she left this packet which she bound on me by an oath not to unseal or allow to be unsealed until the "*First Anniversary of her Death.*"

"'This,' she said, 'contains the mystery of my life.'"

Conrad, then, impatient for the time to come, longed for the wings of a dove that he might fly on, on to the period which now appeared to him to be so full of hope. It seemed as if he could not live during the long interval that must intervine before the arrival of the hour which was to unfold the mystery, which had caused him so much painful thought.

Conrad, bidding the Hermit an adieu, with a sorrowful heart waved his hand and sought his steed.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

APRIL.

Now infant April joins the spring,
And views the watery sky;
As youthful linnet tries its wings,
And fears at first to fly.
With timid step she ventures on,
And hardly dares to smile;
Till blossoms open one by one,
And sunny hours beguile.

In wanton gambols like a child,
She tends her early toils;
And seeks the buds along the wild,
That blossom while she smiles!
Or, laughing on, with nought to chide,
She races with the hours;
Or sports by nature's lovely side,
And fills her lap with flow'rs.

The sheppard on his pasture-walks,
The first fair cowslip finds,
Whose tufted flowers, on slender stalks
Keep nodding to the winds.
And though the thorns withhold the May,
Their shades the violet bring,
Which children stoop for in their play,
As tokens of the spring.

Sweet month! thy pleasures bid thee be
The fairest child of spring;
And every hour that comes to thee,
Comes some new joys to bring;
The trees still deeper in their bloom,
Grass greens the meadow lands;
And flowers with every morning come,
As drops by fairy hands.

The field and garden's lovely hours
Begin and end with thee;
For what's so sweet as peeping flowers,
And bursting buds to see?
What time the dew's unsullied drops,
In burnished gold distil,
On crocus flowers' unclosing tops,
And dropping daffodil?

To see thee come all hearts rejoice,
And warm with feeling strong;
With thee all Nature finds a voice,
And hums a waking song.
The lover views thy welcome hours,
And thinks of summer come:
And takes the maid thy early flowers,
To tempt her steps from home.

Though, at her birth, the northern gale
Comes with its withering sigh;
And hopeful blossoms turning pale,
Upon her bosom die;
Ere April seeks another place,
And ends her reign in this,
She leaves us with as fair a face,
As e'er gave birth to bliss.

M.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

WOLVERINE SKETCHES.

BY ERNEST M. BEMENT.

NUMBER II.

The Indians—Peter kills one.

At the period of which I write the Indians were very numerous hereabouts, and withall exceedingly troublesome and annoying;—skulking around from place to place, committing thefts and playing all manner of dastardly tricks upon the inhabitants, and if perceived in any of their unlawful actions and reproved for them, they would as certain seek for and ofteutimes obtain revenge, either by bodily injury to the accuser or the destruction of his or her property. Though they pilfered from stores and shops at every possible opportunity, the private residences seemed to suffer most, especially those in the outskirts of the city, to which, particularly when in reduced circumstances, it was no uncommon thing for the red rascals to go, in broad day, and, if they could not steal without being observed, demand of the inmates every thing which they happened to think they stood in need of, and if not instantly forth-coming would very deliberately proceed to help themselves; frequently robbing the house of the very best, and things which were of no earthly use to them, simply because of the indifference manifested on the part of the persons to whom applied, to the supplying of their wants, which, however, generally consisted in food and wearing apparel, and these they seemed determined to have at all risk and without paying for; for they never did any work, and, of course, had no money in consequence. Some of the Indians, I believe, pretended to hunt and fish for a livelihood, but they made very poorly at it, the sales of their furs and fish going for drink as fast as they could obtain it, until all gone, when they would resort to other means for support. If left to themselves and allowed to do pretty much as they pleased, they were comparatively peaceable, but if any way provoked, they sought revenge only. They never forgot an injury.

At this time it was usual to see them lying about the streets intoxicated, and the youngsters would take such opportunities to plague them. It was then of almost hourly occurrence to see them chase the young rogues, brandishing a knife or swinging a tomahawk, as he swaggered along, ready to deal out death should the offender, by accident or otherwise, be yielded up to him.

Though they were to be seen skulking around at all hours of the day and night, they seldom offered any harm to citizens; but they disliked strangers, and would take every favorable opportunity to make them aware of their dislike. Should a stranger presume to address one of them he was very likely to receive some pretty severe usage at his hands, while a storekeeper or proprietor of an inn could kick and cuff them about with perfect impunity.

Agreeable to promise, I set out next day to pay a visit to my new friend, Peter. I learned from the keeper of the house where I was staying, that he lived about a mile up the river.

It was near three o'clock in the afternoon, one of those calm, bright May-day afternoons, that makes us friends with all the world. Old Sol showed himself just often enough to be agreeable at such a time, and a cool breeze played up from the river, making such a walk as I proposed taking truly refreshing, at least to me, for owing to a slight indisposition, I had not ventured out before during the day. I took good care to have my pistols with me, because, being a stranger, there was a possibility of my being attacked by the Indians, and, as I was going so far from town, I thought it quite probable that I should be. At any rate I deemed it well enough to be prepared should such an event occur.

There was a narrow path or Indian trail running along the bank of the river, and I was informed that it lead directly to Peter's house or rather hut, for such it really was, being made of the limbs of trees and rough bark, with but one room in it. I took the path by the river, and in due time I found myself at Peter's door, upon which I gave a good lusty rap, to bring Peter to his senses at once should he happen to be napping, as was usual with men of his class about that time of day. No answer, I rapped again, still no answer, "He's out," I thought, "and I'll just walk a little further on, and on my return I'll try again,"

"Wa! O-ho-o-o."

"Ah" I exclaimed starting back, at the same time drawing a pistol, anticipating an encounter, "What's that."

"No good; gun no good."

And a great red skin stalked out from behind a tree where he had purposly concealed himself, on my approach, either in order to make my surprise more perfect, for the sake of using me to better advantage, or to avoid me altogether. If the latter it would seem that he had some motive for changing his mind, for as soon as he had got near enough to me for the purpose he began and very gently to pat my pockets, with his great brawny hands. Of course I understood him, as well as if he had spoken his wish, but I thought, since he was pleased to take such a way for it, that I would plead ignorance. He did not give me much time for that; however, for the instant he perceived it, he resorted to his bad English;

"Money, give Indian money."

"There" I replied, giviag him a shilling, "take that and if ever you play another such a trick on me I'll blow your infernal brains out."

"No good, Indian dead no good."

"That's cool."

"Water wet, cold, O-o-o," he said, at the same time shaking his fist at Peter's cabin.

"Why, what do you do that for? what's Peter done?"

"Push water, cold O-o-o," he answered, explaining by sign, what he could not make me to understand by words.

"Peter pushed you into the water, did he?

"Eh, he."

"Served you right, and you had better go home now or he'll be apt to do it again."

Off he started, but he did'nt forget to repeat his favorite fist-motion towards Peter's house, before hand.

It was growing late, but not liking to return to town without seeing my friend, I concluded to do as I had intended when interrupted by the Indian; Indeed, his appearance had tended to make me the more anxious to see Peter; for, I desired to communicate to him what I had derived from the Indian, in relation to the quarrel which I supposed had of course, taken place between them, and also to learn more of the affair. I had not proceeded for, however, before I heard a rustling among the leaves, a breaking of loose twigs, and, if I must say it, the most immoderate and crazy laugh I ever heard in my life. On looking around and in the direction from whence this odd combination of strange sounds proceeded I beheld the imdomitober Peter rolling on the ground in a perfect fever of excitement.

"Why, Peter, what in the world ails you?

"Ha! ha, he, he, hi, hi, bow, wow, bo, ho," was his only answer.

"Come, stop laughing and tell me what the deuce you mean," I urged in reply.

"Ze dem Injine, he shak' his fis' on my house. Ha! ha! ha! he has good cause for dat."

"How's that?" I asked, anxious, for the fun of the thing, to hear his side of the story.

"You shall see. Ze dem Injine, he come to my home, an' he say he shall look 'round an' steal every t'ing he shall like. So, I tell him he will not steal every t'ing he shall like, an' he jes' pitch into me for flight, an' I pitch him into the riviar. When he was go down in ze bottom of ze riviar I come here to hide 'way from him. He was come up out of ze watair an' he look for me ver' long tim', but I stay jes' here all ze tim' so he was not fin' me.

"You've had quite a time of it, truly: but there is no need of staying here any longer. Let's go to town."

"No sar-ee. Ze dem Injine shall come very' soon an' set ze fire on my house, an' when he will come I shall shoot him."

"Oh no, Peter. It wouldn't be right to shoot him down in cold blood, besides, you know it would get to the other Indians, and then you had better be dead than alive, for as likely as any way they would pull you to pieces. That would'nt be very funny, would it?

"By gar dey will not do dat. I shall kill every one, if dey shall come on my house," and the little Frenchman's eyes sparkled, and he fairly shook with rage at the idea of being killed by Indians.

I endeavored in every way to persuade Peter to give up and accompany me to town, but he persisted in remaining where he was, for he felt certain that the Indian would return and set fire to his little cabin, when he wanted to be on hand to make an end of him.

Not liking the idea of going back alone at that time, and feeling an inclination to see the result of the quarrel, I concluded also to remain. Peter might possibly need my assistance, too, I thought, so I crouched down with him in his hiding place, and nerved myself for the fun. I had just got fairly stowed away when we saw a dark ob-

ject coming towards the house from the river side.

"Dere is ze Injine," said Peter softly.

"Yes, I see him," I replied.

"Now, you keep ver' still, an' you shall see ze fun."

"I say, Peter, I would'nt shoot him, for the report of your gun would be heard far and near, and would probably surround us with the red skins before we had time even to think of escape." I said this as I saw him getting his gun ready to fire the instant the Indian should commence any depredations on his possessions.

"Ver' good," he replied, "den I shall rip him with ze knife," at the same time producing a huge hunting knife and gag.

"Yes," he added, "I will stick ye gag in his mouth, so he shall not mak' noise, an' den I shall stab him with ze knife. Ze dem Injine shall not (never) burn my house."

Peter began to grow somewhat restless and withal a little angry, of course, with the Indian; on seeing which I deemed it my best part not to interfere with him, I could not have saved the life of the Indian, at any rate, for Peter was bent upon killing him if he offered the least thing to justify the act.

The Indian had now reached the house. He stopped at the corner nearest, and with his back towards us, and lighting a small torch, which he had brought with him, applied it to the rough boards of which the outside was composed. Peter could stand it no longer.

"Dere," said he, "ze villain, he mak' some light on ze torch—he try to burn ze house, I go."

Very cautiously he crept from his hiding place, and as carefully and noiselessly as a cat would have done, stole up behind his victim, and with a bound which would have done honor to the nimblest foot ponneed upon him, who, before he had time to half consider his situation, was doubtless not a little surprised to find a gag well in his mouth.

No sooner was this done than the Indian sprang to his feet, throwing Peter backwards full three paces, and in turn jumping upon him ere he could gather himself up for another attack, and so ferocious was the indian that he did not wait to remove the gag, but fought like a wild cat.

Peter was in a warm place, and his little short legs were flying about in the most ludicrous manner. Though Peter was the smallest of the two he was destined to be conquerer of the field, yet in the heat of the battle I thought quite differently, for my good friend was under and seemed to be getting the worst of it.

It was now my turn. I rushed forth with a low whoop which attracting the attention of the Indian, gave Peter the advantage. With a sudden movement of the body he threw the red skin from him, and springing to his feet, sent his hunting knife home in the heart of his antagonist, and he was, as Peter expressed it, "one ver' dead Injine."

LETTER FROM W. GILMORE SIMMS.

Messrs. Editors: The following trifle was written in 1832, on reading in Moore's life of Byron, that certain Polish officers, in foregin service, burst into tears, on hearing mentioned the name of Kosciuzko.

Your ob't serv't,
W. GILMORE SIMMS.

THE TEARS OF VALOR.

They wept to hear the Hero's name!—
Ah! had they wept to emulate
His spirit's hope, his patriot aim,
Their tears were worthy of his fame,
And they were worthy of his fate!

But tears are toys—are mocks,—unless
They rouse the soul which makes success;—
Unless they rouse the Patroit mood,
Defeated, never yet subdued—
Which weeps not oft, but when in vain,
It strives to snap its country's chain,
And then, its tears are tears of blood!

These, from the deep soul's deepest source,
Give birth to Valor's mightiest force;
Wake noble anger—sting the heart,
Forgetful of its sacred part,
That long has slumber'd,—to *Remorse;*—
And this to stern *Resolve;*—that braves
A thousand deaths, of strife and pain,
Striving for honorable graves,
But not to weep, or sleep, again!
Unlike that vainer *woe*, that cries,
Still feels, but dare not seek in fight,
Its fierce and fatal destinies,
Though all its country bleeds in sight!

They wept the Exile's fate and fame!—
Ah! could they but as proudly aim,
His name would be a word to lead,—
And they had sprung at Freedom's call,
To kindred fame, in equal deed,
And burst their own and nation's thrall!

How vain the memory which would shed,
But tears o'er Kosciuzko's name;—
Far better if they fell in shame
For country lost, and honor fled;—
All but the cruel memory dead,
That, in the past, triumphant glows,
On many a page of living fire,
When peerless Sobieske rose,
And with great soul and mighty blows,
Plack'd Europe from the Moslem's ire,
Ah! sad reproach, such glorious tale,
For these who only wake to wail!

Call up these spirits!—Let them be,
His first who made all Europe free,
Great Sobieske:—next, the pure,
True soul, these vacant souls deplore:
The man who strove, with countless Gods,
For Poland's own domestic Gods!—
What think *they*, of these men who weep,
Crawl, crouch, in foreign service creep,
And wake to wail, and wail to sleep?—
Their spirits, if on earth, would crave
A future like the Past to brave;
Not craven-like, remain to boast,
Existence, to the nation lost;
But in the fierce, unequal strife,
The last sad struggle, still assert,
That liberty, more dear than life,
That makes the life's life of the heart!

The proper tears, by valor given,
Are blood-drops wrung from Freedom's woe,
Pure sacred, in the sight of heaven,
And blessing those for whom they flow!
Not woman's offering—weakness all,—
That loathes, yet drinks, its cup of gall,
And downward, step by step, to save,
Sinks from the dastard to the slave;—
Then, when the dregs of life are run,
Through all its foul and base degrees,
Drained to its vilest, bitterest lees,
Weeps for the deeds—it *might* have done!

Remember, ye who ridicule a young man for his parsimony, that by and by he can be generous when you have nothing to give.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

LIST OF THE REGULAR CONTRIBUTORS TO THE TIMES.

Rev. Dr. Wheat, Rev. C. H. Wiley, Pres. Jones, Pres Craven, Prof. Carr, Prof Van, Eaton, Prof. Gangway, Prof. Sterling, Prof. Rockwell, Prof Graves, Prof. Richardson, Rev. A. Baker, Rev. J. E. Edwards, Rev. Leo. Rosser, B. Sumner, J. D. Campbell, E. F. Stone, M. W. Cuthbertson, Indicator, W. H. Garris, Miss Wood, Mrs. L. M. Hutchinson, Mrs. S. M. Smith, Matilda, Emma Sophia Mills, J. Starr Holloway, Finley Johnson, G. W. Cothran, Mrs. C. H. Criswell, Jeannie, Mattie May, Eulalia, Lacon, A. Perry Sperry, Romeo, Aurora, Mollie, Stella, Claude, Miss Anna M. Bates, C. M. Tenley, C. G. Dunn, J. Austin Sperry, Clarence Carleton, Ciara Augusta, Fanny Fielding, Lelia Moutrose, Mat Social, Dr. Wm. Hauser, Geo. Lewellyn Miner, Winnie Woodfern, Stella Steel, Miss Mary W. Janvrin, Justin S. Cressy, Frederick W. Miner, J. Fred. Simmons, Geo. A. Hobbs, Nathalie, T. W. Upshur, Redelift, Zepheros, H. N. Snyder, Maj. S. F. Miller, Willie E. Fabor, Ernest Mullet Bement, Invalid, Mrs. E. C. Loomis, Marie S. Ladd, Ben Bloomer, Ina Clayton, F. M. Burroughs, H. A. Dwight, Honey Bee. M. D. Williams.

ADVERTISING.

One square (12 lines) first insertion $1.00. Each additional week 25cts. The following ample deductions will be made in favor of standing Advertisements:

	3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	1 YEAR.
One square,	$ 3.00	$ 5.00	$ 8.00
Two squares,	6.00	10.00	14.00
Three "	9.00	15.00	20.00
Half column,	18.00	25.00	35.00

Professional and business Cards, not exceeding six lines—per annum,.....$5.00

YOUNG MEN AND POLITICS.

We find in the "Editors Table" of *Russel's Magazine* for April some thoughts on this subject, worthy the study of all young men. And especially those who are yet without a fixed purpose in life, or have not launched their bark too far out upon the turbid waters of strife and contention to turn in and change the plan of battle.

It is a most important and critical period in the life of every young man, the time of choosing a profession. And one great danger which has threatened our country, from the beginning, lies in the ardent, inconsiderate haste with which our young men of talent rush into *politics*.

Original taste and endowment are but slightly consulted in this matter. A despotic custom rules individual choice, and even moulds the original temperament. Every youth of independent fortune, who is also possessed of cleverness, thinks it his duty—his *mission*—to adopt some party-badge, to fight under some political banner—Democratic or Whig, Black Republican or Blue. The notion of confining his ambition to the limited routine of a scholar's or author's life, he would dismiss as ridiculous and degrading. Thus the land is cursed with hordes of third-rate, fourth-rate, and tenth-rate politicians who, in the tumult of angry collisions, and the disappointment of foolish hopes, lose all consistency of principle, equanimity of temper, and delicacy of honor. Many of these persons are men of fortune; others possess the amplest competency.

Now, such individuals might accomplish a world of good, as the patrons, if not themselves the cultivators of Art and Literature. And, if happiness is the object, or one of the objects, of human existence, can it be doubted that the avocations of the student, or the author, are immeasurbly more likely to lead to this great end, than the unwholesome excitements of political ambition?

Politics, as conducted at present, is merely a game—a game in which the winner is not always—not often, perhaps, —an honest man. At best, it has degenerated from a science into a trade. Its purpose is no longer the direction of free government, the elueidation of national right, but the promotion of selfish, sectional, personal interest. Everybody is a politician; nobody a patriot. Now, why should gentlemen who have leisure, opportunity, talent, and property, defile themselves with the inevitable pitch from which scarcely a single phase of political labor is free.

Does not Art, in this country, stand in need of its Mæcanases; have we not men of genius, philosophers, and thinkers of every grade, whose fortunes might be advanced by the contribution of a hundredth part of the money squandered by rich men upon some useless and absurd election?

But placing this question solely upon the ground of *individual enjoyment*, we would ask which course ("other things being equal") is likely to afford an intellectual man the truest satisfaction, the companionship of suggestive books, of sympathising scholars, of wise and pure thoughts, which are evolving themselves, perhaps, into some noble creative result of permanent, universal value; or the associations of hot and eager caucuses, and a continual, charming contact with the "Great Unwashed."

It is a godlike power which masters men by reason, and raises its possessor to the governorship of a great people. It is a godlike power, likewise, which, at the crisis threatening a nation's existence, turns back to the tide of ruin, and regenerates the national life. But such cases are extreme, and exceptional. Heaven-appointed genius, like this, is the one bright, consumate flower of a century—an age—a series of ages.

Our quarrel is with the politicians of to-day—the many intelligent persons in independent circumstances who waste fortune, health, time, everything of value, in the poor scramble for office; and who, with faculties which might be profitably and nobly employed in the higher sphere of learning, or authorship, are content to pass their days "in the ingenious study of self-degradation." But alas! convention is a sort of earthly Omnipotent: invisibly we are drawn into the rapid current of present modes of opinion. The American genius is said to be, *par excellence*, political. No other kind of excellence is worthy the exercise of respectable endowments.

We heartily deprecate this folly. The adage, in reference to supernumerery cooks, applies, with equal force to other professions besides that of the *cuisine*. They are making a "hell-broth"—these politicians whose "name is legion"—of the rights, and the liberty, of the people. The cauldron may happen to overflow, and then——why, then, as Mr. Reynolds is fond of exclaiming, "the scene may be better imagined than described."

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

MUSIC.

BY WM. HAUSER, M. D. OF GA.

NUMBER XI.

Flats and Sharps.

Studied your last lesson well? Then come to this.

Draw a staff and place the F, Cleft on it. Then write a note on every degree from C, second space, to C, first ledger line above. No flat or sharp here; the signature is a natural one, and the two half intervals come between E and F, and B and C, E being number 5 in the scale, and F 4; B being 7, and C 8.

Now write the same series of notes over again, on another bass staff, taking D for your key-note instead of C. Between what two letters will the two half intervals come now? Remember, they *must* come between 3 and 4, and 7 and 8. *D being* one, *this time instead of C, the first half interval will necessarily fall between F and G, F being no.* 3, *and G no.* 4. What now have you done to F by placing your key-note on D? *You have pushed it a half interval farther off from E than it is in your C, diagram; so that now you have a whole interval between them instead of a half.* This pushing of a note half an interval higher up the scale than it was before is called *sharping* it; and you represent the fact by a sharp placed on F at the beginning of the staff. The sharp does not raise the note, that being done by the position of the key-note; the sharp only shows that a note has been raised half an interval. Now you see that when we speak of sharping a note, we mean raising it half an interval. This is just *all* that is meant by it. In your C scale you have the second half interval between B and C: where is it now, in your D scale? Count, and you will find it between C and D; for D being *one*, C is inevitably 7; and the second half interval falls anerringly between 7 and 8. In the D scale then you have C pushed half an interval farther above B than it is in the natural, or C scale, and of course half an interval nearer to D. Thus by taking D for your key-note, you have sharped C as well as F. Look into the music-book, and you will see that all the tunes written in the key of D, have a two sharp signature; i. e. F and C are sharped. The sharps do not govern the key-note, but the key-note governs the sharps.

Now write the same elementary notes again, placing your key-note on E this time instead of D. Between E and F is a whole interval, i. e. between your nos. 1, 2. F is pushed half an interval further from E than it is in the natural scale, and of course the same distance nearer to G. Then there is a half interval between F and G, is there? No; that is not the place for the first half interval in the octave; it *must* come between 3 and 4; and F is only 2 and G 3. So G is pushed up also, i. e. sharped. Write down a sharp on F and also on G. Count now, and you will see that the first half interval falls between G and A. Between A and B is a whole interval, as in the natural scale; but between B and C there is a whole interval, *not* as it is in the natural scale, C being pushed up a half interval above B than in that scale, and the same distance nearer to D. What interval now between C and D? A half, is it not? Count and see if the 2d half interval comes between C and D in this E scale. E 1, F 2, G 3, A 4, B 5, C 6, D 7: No. that will not do, the second half interval does not come between 6 and 7, but between 7 and 8. D is 7 and E is 8; it must come then between D and E. But just now we had only half an interval between C and D, by sharping the former, had we not? No; you had sharped C and D also. A piece of music written in the key of E natural always has a four-sharp signature; and these sharps are on F, G, C and D. This is the natural order in which they are written.

Now take F for your key-note, and see where your two half intervals will fall. F 1, G 2, A 3 and B 4. The first half interval in this scale comes between A and B. The intervals here are just as they are in the natural scale till you come to that between A and B; in the natural scale there is a whole interval between these two letters, but in this F scale there is but a half; and there is a whole interval now between B and C, tho' there is only a half in the C scale. By assuming F for 1, you have drawn B down half an interval nearer to A than it is in the C scale. This is called flatting it, and a flat is placed on B to indicate the fact. A note is flatted when it is depressed half an interval: *this is all that is meant by that expression.*

Now write another diagram, in the key of G. If you write Patent Notes, you will put a fa on G, a sol on A, a la on B; another fa on C, another sol on D, another la on C, and a mi on F. G will be next above, requiring the same note with which you started. And I will say here, once for all, that in the Patent note system numbers 1 and 4 are always triangular-shaped, and both called fa; numbers 2 and 5 are round, and always called sol; 3 and 6 are square, and both called la; while No. 7 is diamond-shaped, and always called me. There is not a particle of difference between Patent and Round notes save the three shapes, triangle, square, and diamond in the former. Make these three all round, and you have a time in Round notes. As to the naming of the notes, that is a matter not worth the attention sometimes bestowed on it; for musical instruments call no names and yet make the very same sounds people do when they sing. Naming the notes (sounds) is sometimes called *Notation*, and sometimes *solfaing*. Call the sounds by what names you please, or call them by no names at all; but be sure to study well their character, and also the various marks that musicians have adopted to guide the eye in singing or playing.

But I've digressed; come back to the Flat and Sharp idea:

Go on with your musical diagram in the key of G natural. G is 1, A 2, B 3, and C 4. Here, between B and C, is the place for the first half interval. All these notes are written just as they are in the natural scale; i. e. there is a whole interval between G and A, and A and B, and a half between B and C. Now go on: C 4, D 5, E 6, F 7, and G 8. What interval have you here between F and G? *A half interval. A whole interval between F and G.* How came there a half now? *By assuming G for no.* 1, *F necessarily became no.* 7, *between which and G the second half interval of the octave falls.* F has thus been pushed half an interval nearer to G than it is in the natural scale, and the fact is to be indicated by a sharp placed on it at the beginning of the staff. The interval between E and F in the natural scale is always a half; in the G scale it is a whole, by the sharping of F.

Dismissed till next week.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The State of North Carolina is situated just half way between Cape Sable of Nova Scotia and Cape Sable of Florida, and her politics are just half way between the free-soilers of the North and the secessionists of the South.

She contains 50,704 sq'r. miles or about one fifty-eighth of the territory of the United States and a thousandth part of the land surface of the globe. Her greatest length is only 450 miles and her greatest breadth 220, yet so varied are her soil and climate that all the agricultural and horticultural productions of the Union are raised within her limits. She is the only State in the Union, which, in 1850, filled up all the blanks in the census reports. On the same parallel of latitude 36° within her borders, are produced cotton and clover, wheat and rice, Irish potatoes and sweet potatoes, barley and peas, iron and lead, copper and chalcedony, jasper and silver and mica, gold and garnetts. She contains every mineral and precious stone mentioned in the description of the New Jerusalem, Rev. xxi. And had Joe Smith known this he would doubtless have erected his temple in Stokes county which alone contains marble, coal, jasper, sapphire, tourmaline, chalcedony, sard, iron and copper.

Her population in 1850 was 869,039 or more than one twenty-sixth that of the Union. It comprised people of all colors, nations, employments and religions; as Jews, Germans, Dutch, Italians, Swiss, French, Portugese, Russians, Spaniards, &c. In the town of Wilmington are found Jews, Mahomedans, Universalists, Roman Catholics, Congregationalists, Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians and almost every other denomination of Christians.

In the year 1850 North Carolina produced more sweet potatoes than any other States in the Union except Georgia and Alabama, made twice as much wine as any one of the Old Thirteen States except Pennsylvania; contained three times as many mules and asses as the whole of the New England and Middle States together; ranked third best in the culture of rice (5,461,868 bushels;) stood first in producing peas and beans; contained more churches and colleges than any States North except New York and Pennsylvania; and doubled every State north of her, except Virginia, in the value of her home-made manufactures. These are facts collected from reports taken by agents of the United States government and do not lie.

Besides this, North Carolina shed the first blood for Independence on American soil at the battle of Alamance. She drew up and published to the world the first Declaration of Independence on May 20th, 1775, at Charlotte; and she established the first geological survey of any State in the Union. She was next to the last of the Old Thirteen States to come into the Union, and she will be next to the last to go out of it.

N. B. C.

EXPLOSION AT THE CHATHAM COAL MINES:—Additional particulars are given concerning the recent explosion in the Egypt Coal Mine.

The explosion took place at 8 o'clock, A. M., on Monday the 6th instant. The Superintendent, Mr. Robert Dunn, and four of the hands, all white men, were instantly killed, and two others were thought to be dead; but after being buried awhile (with apertures in the ground giving their nose and eyes fresh air—the method usually adopted, I understand, for the purpose of relieving the lungs of the sufferers from foul air,) they were restored to life but the life of one of them, a man named Carrer, is despaired of. The damage to the property is said to be very great. The mines are owned by a Company, in Philadelphia, and were being worked on an extensive scale. The Company, I understand, have recently invested, or were about investing $2,500,000 in working them. This is the second explosion attended with fatal effect which has taken place at those mines, the present year, another fire-damp explosion having occurred about five weeks ago, by which five men lost their lives.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

At Gotham—Fashion—Flounces—Hoops The hair—Mantillas—Bonnetts—Amusements—Laura Keene—The Broadway Theatre—The Christy and Buckley Minstrels—John Dean and his own Mary Ann—The Palmer Marbles—An Automaton playing the flute—Ole Bull—The Ravells—Broadway Promenade.—

METROPOLITAN HOTEL, April, 1857.

Messrs. Editors:—At present, as you will see, my temporary home is in "Gotham," where surrounded by so many friends and so much to divert my attention and occupy my time, I find it quite impossible to answer even letters from my dearest friends. This morning being stormy and having an hour or two at my disposal (the first since my arrival here) I thought no better use could be made of it than to write. But where shall I begin so far as news is concerned? really it puzzles me to tell. Fashion would, no doubt, interest the ladies the most. The style for the Spring is elegant—Stewart, Beck and several other prominent Merchants seem to have spared no pains to select every fabric imginable, from the most delicate tissue to the most gorgeous and richest silks. Flounces still wield a sceptre, while hoops, in spite of the many shafts directed towards them and the non wearing of them by Eugenie, still are much in vogue. A new style of skirt has been invented (what will not Yankees invent) are what we term, inflated: they are tubes of gutta perch inflated with air by means of brass screws and can be large or small to suit the taste of the wearer; they certainly bear off the palm because of their convenience it being so much easier for a lady to enter a carriage or pew in church than the brass or whalebone. The hair is also very elaborately dressed, being plaited very broad behind and bound up *a la Grecian*. Making a beautiful display of a luxurious head of hair and at the same time giving a distingue appearance to the face. Mantillas are of every style ranging from $10,00 up to $150, the latter being of real point lace. Bonnets are no larger. It seems that ladies are determined not to change the little coquettish looking bonnet for one of a larger size? they are completely covered with the most magnificent French flowers of every color and give a graceful effect to the whole.

Now for amusements—Laura Keene's New Theatre attracts a large crowd nightly; it is gorgeously fitted up and she has selected a fine company to assist her. At present, The Statue Bride and "The Elves" are on the programme.

Laura Keen is certainly a most remarkable woman to control the entire Theatre herself and play each night with such untiring zeal. Mr. Jordan is one of her principal assistants; he still retains his handsome appearance, yet stout signs of ill health, and the unceasing cough troubles him much and at times interferes with his performance. At the Broadway "The Last Days of Pompeii" is being performed and takes well.

The Christy and Buckley Minstrels have their usual attractive features and draw crowded houses. A song is now going the rounds called "John Dean and his own Mary Ann" it is sung to the air of "Villikins and his Dinah"—It seems as if the New Yorkers are determined to make some sport out the Dean and Boker case—we think though, the matter is carried entirely too far. Most every coachman you pass some one would vociferate most loudly "Boker"—Coachee, dont you want a "rich wife"—We think more respect should be paid to the feelings of Mr. Boker.

The Palmer Marbles are very beautiful: they represent Innocence, Resignation, Prayer and several other classic characters.

A few days ago I went to hear an Automaton play the flute—It must be heard to be believed—It consists of a man made of plaster of Paris, is about 6 feet high. By some great ingenious process he is made to bow to the audience and play very beautifully on the flute. It is strange to see how correctly he plays with the one who accompanies him on the piano.

The person who made it is a German and it cost him $60,000 to complete it. Owing to some misfortune he lost all his property and now exhibits that. It is well worth going to see.

Ole Bull gave a charming concert at Niblos on Saturday night; by the by, speaking of niblos reminds me of the Ravels; they performed the most wonderful feats on the "Tight Rope"—We saw a little child only four years of age dancing very skillfully and assuming the most dangerous attitudes on the rope—The Ravells are truly astonishing.

Broadway presents a very grand appearance indeed; thousands of the most beautiful and elegantly dressed ladies are seen moving along with swanlike grace attired in the most gorgeous and expensive manner.

But my letter is spinning out too long, and for the present I bid you adieu.

Ever Yours,
M. H. B.

RECOGNIZING PROVIDENCE.—A short time since there was a very destructive fire in Mobile, Ala., which destroyed some 12,000 bales of cotton. When the news reached the interior, a gentleman who had quite a large amount of cotton in the city took immediate measures to ascertain if he had sustained any loss. Upon learning that he had not, and upon consultation with his wife, he set apart $500, a donation to benevolent objects, as a thank-offering for Providential preservation.

PETERSBURG CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

The Weather and Trade—Literary Lectures—the Churches, Presbyterian, Baptist, Episcopal and Methodist—Female Schools—New Work, &c., &c.

PETERSBURG, Va., April 17, '57.

Messrs. Editors: The unseasonable weather which has prevailed, thus far, during the months of March and April has operated, to some extent, against the retail trade of Petersburg. The merchants are making a fine show of Spring and Summer goods, of the most attractive styles; but as the ladies pass the *show windows*, wrapped up in cloaks, and muffled in furs, they almost shiver at the sight of a lace mantilla, or a tissue robe. But the stern brow of winter must relax ere long. The genial breath of Spring must breathe upon us in a short time. It is already the period for the expanded foliage of the vernal season, and yet the trees and shrubs wear a wintry aspect. It cannot be long however before we shall have a milder temperature. But we must wait till dame nature assumes a gentler mood. Our wholesale merchants, I think have done a full average business; and in all the leading commercial aspects, Petersburg presents an active, thriving, and healthful appearance.

The last of the series of Lectures before the Petersburg Library association was delivered, on yesterday evening, by the Rev. Moses Hoge D. D., of Richmond, in the presence of a large and appreciative audience. His subject was, "the Colony of Virginia, under the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell." The course of Lectures, just ended, has been well sustained. The committee having charge of this matter, have spared no pains or expense, to secure the services of the best Lecturers, from all parts of our country, and the community have manifested a highly commendable liberality in patronizing the association in its efforts to build up a high literary and scientific reputation.

The Tabb street Presbyterion church which has been without a Pastor for the space of eighteen months, has succeeded in obtaining the Rev. Mr. Miller of Charlotte, North Carolina, who is expected to enter upon his Pastoral duties on the first Sabbath in May.

The Baptist denomination are erecting a fine church edifice in the city which is rapidly progressing towards completion. When completed it will be one of the most attractive, and commodious houses of worship in Petersburg.

The Episcopalians have but recently completed a new church, which is an ornament to the city. The Episcopal convention for the Diocese of Virginia is to be held in this city in the month of May.

There has been a season of extraordinary religious interest in Washington street Methodist Episcopal Church, in this city, during the last two months, which has resulted in the addition of a large number of persons to the church. The Methodist denomination already have two or three houses of worship in Petersburg, and are now taking steps for the immediate erection of another large and commodious house of worship.

The Anniversary of the Parent's Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church South is to be held in this city, commencing on Sabbath, the 3rd of May. A large number of distinguished ministers are expected from abroad, and it is anticipated that the occasion will be one of more than ordinary interest.

There are two literary institutions of high grade in Petersburg for the education of females, namely, the "Leavenworth Institute," and the "Petersburg Female College." These are both favored with excellent Boards of instruction, and are in a flourishing condition.

By turning to the pages, in Harper's Monthly Magazine, announcing the titles of *new books*, now in the press, and just ready to be issued, you will find that "*Random Sketches*, and *Notes of European Travel, in* 1856," is just ready to be sent out, to take its chances with the reading public. You will not be surprised that the writer of this rambling letter feels some interest in the fortunes of this new publication.

Hoping that your highly interesting and valuable literary weekly may continue to grow in popular favor, and meet with the patronage which it so justly deserves, I must conclude my letter. J. E. E.

The Cabinet:—The London Times, the leading paper of Great Britain, alludes to the new Cabinet in the following terms—

"Gen. Cass is of an age when the duties of office are likely to be felt as a heavy burden, and it is anticipated that when the Cabinet has been brought into working order, and the demands of party gratified, he will leave his post for the retirement of private life. The internal policy to which the President has given his adhesion by this double appointment is that which the late Daniel Webster established by the measure of 1850. Both Gen. Cass and Mr. Cobb are staunch partisans of the slavery compromise of that year. They will sternly reprobate any tendency in the South to set up the standard of disunion, or to place their own interests above those of the whole Republic, while on the other hand, they will give no encouragement to the Abolitionists, and will oppose any attempt to limit the number of slave States. Thus Mr. Buchanan hopes to satisfy the desires of his complex party, and gain for his Administration a popularity to which his predecessor could not attain."

BLOODY TRAGEDY.—A man laboring under delirium tremens stabbed six men on the steamer Statesman, on the 7th, a few miles above Evansville, Ind. Two of them are not expected to recover. The assassin escaped from the passengers, jumped overboard, and was drowned. His name was HEFFERMAN. He leaves a wife and three children at New Albany.

COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBORO MARKET, April 22.
Reported expressly for the Times.

Bacon 12@15; Beef 4@5; Beeswax 20; Butter 15@20; Coffee 10½; Candles, Tallow 22@25, Adamantine 37@40, Sperm 55@60; Corn 1.00@1.10 Meal 1.00@1.10; Chickens 10@12½; Eggs 10; Feathers 35@40; Flour 5.50@6.00; Flaxseed 1.00; Hides, green 5, dried 10; Hay 50@60; Lard 15@14; Molasses 75@70; Nails 6@7; Oats 50; Peas, yellow 85@1.00, white 100@00; Pork 7.50@8.00; Rags 2@3; Rice 8@10; Salt 2.00@0.00; Sugar, Brown 14@15, loaf 18@, crushed 18½, clarified 16@; Tallow 12½@13; Wheat 1.00@1.12; Hay 60@75 Wool 25@30.

WILMINGTON MARKET, April 21.
Reported expressly for the Times.

By Cumming & Styron, Commission Merchants.

Bacon, hoground 14 @, western sides 13@14, western shoulders 11@11, hams 14@15; Brandy peach 70@75, apple 50@60; Butter 28@30; Beeswax 22@24; Cheese 12@13; Candles, adamantine 28@30, sperm 50@60; Corn 68@75; Cotton 12@13¾; Coffee, rio 11¾a12, laguira 12@13; Feathers 45@50; Flour, superfine 7.00@0.00, extra 7.75, fine 6.50, family 7.50, scratched 6.50@6.75; Guano, 1 ton $62, 5 tons $60; Hay (N. C.) 90@1.00; Lime 125@135; Molasses, Cuba 44@45; Mackerel, 2 no. 10.00@0.00, 3no. 6.50@6.55; Nails 5@ ; Oats 38@40; Rosin, no. 1, 1.50@0.00, no. 2, 1.25@1.30, common 1.15@1.00; Rice 4@5; Shad 00@00; Salt, alum 60@60, sack 1 00@1.00; Sugar, clarified 11@12, P. R. 9@10; Spirits Turpentine 42@00; Turpentine, virgin and yellow dip, 2.55@0.00, hard 1.55@0.00; Tar 1.40@0.00; Wheat, red 1.40@1.45, white 1.45@1.50

NORFOLK MARKET, April 13.
Reported expressly for the Times.

By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.

Bacon, hams 13@16, hoground 13@, western sides 12½; shoulders 10½a11; Beans 1.50@1.75; Buckwheat, big 1.65@; Butter, goshen 20@25, glade 2@26; Beeswax 20@25; Cotton 12@13; Corn, white 64@67, mixed 60@62, yellow 64@65; Coffee, rio 13@12½, laguira 13; Candles, adamantine 26@30; Dried Apples, ¾ bus. 28 lb, 200@0.00, Peaches, peeled ¾ bus. 40 lb, 5.½@0.00; Eggs 20@25; Flour, fine 7.00@7.50, superfine 6.50@6.75, extra 7.0@ .25, family 8@8½; Flaxseed 1.50@1.60; Guano, ¾ ton 58.00@60.00; Hay 1.00@1.25; Lard, no. 1 & 2, 13@14; Lime 1.12@1.25; Molasses 55@70; Oats 40@43; Salt, fine ¾ sack, 1.65@1.75, ground alum 1.12@1.00, blown 1.60@1.70; Sugar, refined 12½@14, crushed 14½@0.00, W. India 12@13; Shingles, heart 12 in bunch, 7.00@7.25, sap do do 4.00@5.00; Staves, R. O. hhd. 28.00@30.00, H. O. hhd. 43.00@00.00, do heading 45.00@48.00; Soap, brown 4½a5, yellow 5½@6½; Wheat, red 1.40@1.50, white 1.45@1.50; Whisky 25@28; Fish, no 3, Mackerel, 8.00@0.00, Northern Herrings 6.00@0.00, Mullets and Blue Fish, 9.50@8.00, dry Cod and Hake, 3.75@4.50.

CHARLESTON MARKET.—Charleston, April 20.—The sales to-day amounted to 1500 bales at an eighth to a quarter decline from the highest point. We quote Middling fair at 14¼ to 14¾.

BALTIMORE, April 18.—Flour is higher; sales of Howard street and City Mills at $6.37. Wheat and corn are very firm and continue at yesterday's rates, to wit, wheat 1.45 to 1.60—Corn 64 to 66 cents.

NEW YORK, April 18.—Cotton is quiet, with sales of 1,000 bales. Buyers demand a reduction in prices, to which holders will not yield. White Wheat is quoted at $1.62½ per bushel. Corn is quoted at 71¢ per bushel.

CATALOGUE OF
FRESH GARDEN SEEDS.

JUST received and for sale at the DRUG STORE, by W. C. PORTER.

ASPARAGUS,
Law's Grant.
BEETS,
Extra Early Blood beet,
Long Smooth Blood,
Early Blood Turnip,
Yellow Turnip,
White Sugar.
BROCOLI,
Early White,
" Late.
BUSH BEANS,
Early Valentine,
" Yellow 6 weeks,
Large White Kidney,
Early Refugee or 1000 to 1,
White Cranberry,
Red Speckled Valentine,
Large Lima or Butter,
White Dutch Runner.
CABBAGE,
Early York,
" Sugar Loaf,
Large Flat Dutch,
" Eng. Drumhead,
Fine Drumhead Savoy,
Green Globe Savoy,
Red Dutch for Pickling,
Large Am. Drumhead,
Weiherfield Prem. flat Dutch,
Large Drumhead Savoy.
CAULIFLOWER,
Early London,
Large Late Asiatic.
CARROT,
Long Orange,
Whitefield.
CELERY,
White Solis,
Rose Colored,
New Silver Giant.
CUCUMBER,
Early Frame,
" Russian,
" Cluster,
London Long Green,
Extra " Turkey,
Gherkin.
EGG PLANT,
Long Purple,
" White.
EARLY CORN,
Early Sweet or Sugar,
" Tuscarora,
LETTUCE,
Early White Cabbage,
" Ice Head.
MELONS,
Large Musk,
Green Citron,
Pine Apple,
Dark Mountain Sweet,
Yellow Cantelope,
Nasturtium or Indian Cress.
ONIONS,
Extra Early Red,
White Portugal,
Seiss Large Red.
OKRA,
Long White.
PARSLEY,
Myatt's Garnishing,
Plain,
Curled
PARSNIPS,
Fine Sugar,
Long Smooth.
PEPPER GRASS,
Curled,
Broad Leafed,
PEPPER
Long Cayenne,
Large Sweet Bell-shaped.
PEAS,
Extra Early May,
Early Frame or June,
Dwarf Sugar,
J. R. & Co.'s Extra Early.
RADISH,
Early Frame Radish,
Long White Summer,
" Scarlet Short Top,
White Turnip,
RHUBARB,
Myit's Victoria.
SQUASH,
Early Summer,
Lima Cocoanut,
Early Summer Crook Neck.
SWEET HERB,
Lavender,
Sweet Majorum,
Lemon Balm,
Sage.
TOMATO,
Large Yellow,
" Red,
J. R. & Co.'s Large Red.
TURNIP,
Large Eng. White flat,
Early flat Dutch or Summer,
Yellow Globe.

NOTICE.—VALUABLE LANDS FOR SALE. The subscriber being desirous to move west, offers for sale the following tract of land, situated in the South East corner of Guilford County, on the waters of stinking quarter 2 miles North of Longs mills contains **192 acres,** has a good saw mill and corn mill on it; good frame barn and shop, good log house and kitchen, and other out houses, good orchard, and a meadow that cannot be surpassed in the State. Also a tract lying in Alamance County containg **250 acres,** all timber, situated 2 miles south of Mount hermin Meeting House on the public road leading from Graham to the foundry; a splendid cite for a tan yard and store, and both badly needed, terms to suit the purchaser either time or cash payments.
(66::3m.) FREDERIC STAFFORD.

BONNETS, RIBBONS, FLOWERS, &c. The subscriber, thankful for past favors, wishes to inform her friends and the public generally, that she has on hand for sale a large assortment of Bonnets, Ribbons, Flowers, &c., and hopes by close attention to business and low prices, to suit all wanting such articles. Come and see her stock.
Room adjoining Insurance Office.
SARAH ADAMS.
Greensboro N. C. April 8th 1857. 66-tf

SOMETHING NEW AT COFFIN'S GALLERY. The Latest process out and is believed by close observers to stand at the head of the fine arts. They are different from the Ambrotype and somewhat resemble the Colored Photograph, though more true to life. The process is admirably adapted to groups of Children, lockets, finger rings, breast pins, &c. Call and see his specimens.
Rooms over Gilmer & Hendrix's store.
April 8th 1857. Z. S. COFFIN.

THE TIMES

Is published every Thursday in Greensboro, N. C.

EDITORS.

E. W. OGBURN, C. C. COLE, JAMES W. ALBRIGHT.

Corresponding Editors.

W. GILMORE SIMMS, South Carolina,
ROD. G. STAPLES, Portsmouth, Va.
WILLIAM E. HUNTER, South Carolina.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

THURSDAY, APRIL 23, 1857.

Positive Arrangement.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

BRIEF PROSPECTUS

For the benefit of such as may happen to see this number of the TIMES.

Being determined to present to the Southern States, a LITERARY and FAMILY JOURNAL worthy of their patronage, we have the pleasure of presenting an array of talent as regular contributors to the columns of the TIMES, not surpassed by any other paper published in the Union.

The reading matter will consist of Original Stories, History, Biography, Agriculture, Education, Poetry, and the News of the day. The paper contains no sectarianism, but will aim to enlighten, amuse, and inculcate sound moral principle. It will strive to be a mirror of the world around us. The Serials which we will present from time to time, and which are prepared at great expense, will be from the pens of the most gifted of the American literati.

Besides the several serials commenced in the present number, we have the pleasure of announcing the following highly interesting and instructive papers on hand to follow in quick succession.

A HISTORY OF THE COMMON SCHOOL SYSTEM IN N. C., from its first introduction into the Legislature to the present time, with remarks on its past difficulties and present prospects, be *Rev. C. H. Wiley*, State Superintendant of Common Schools.

THE HISTORY OF THE MALE AND FEMALE COLLEGES and High Schools, in North Carolina, the rise and progress of each, by the *Presidents, and Principals of the Institutions.*

THE FAIR ROSETTA; OR, HUMAN PERFECTIBILITY, by *Stella Steele*

A LEAF FROM THE LIFE OF AGNES HERBERT, by *Jeddie.*

LIZZIE LEE, by *Stella Steele.*

NED PERCY; OR LOVE AND PREJUDICE, by *Mrs. L. M. Hutchenson.*

SWEET FERN SPRING; OR THE PRIMA DONNA'S TRIUMPH, by *Miss Mary W. Janvrin*, author of "Cornelian Ring," "Wrecker's Daughter," "Deseree, the Quadroon," "Warning Starr," "Ruby Cross," etc.

HUGH LINDSLIE: OR THE RE-UNION. A simple story of life's vicissitudes, by our Corresponding Editor, *Rob. G. Staples.*

LAURA; OR THE SNOW FLAKE, by *Miss Anna M. Bates.*

FORTUNE TELLING, and its consequences, by *Mat Social.*

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH; a story of Odd Fellowship, by *Mrs L. M. Hutchinson.*

GARCIA FENELON; OR THE TRULY GOOD, by *Mat Social.*

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER, by *Finley Johnson.*

THWARTED PLOTS, by *Clara Augusta.*

FASHION AND FOLLY; OR, WISDOM AND CHARITY, by *Ina Clayton.*

EMILY SOMERVILLE: OR, CONSTANCY REWARDED, by *Charles M. Tenley*, Associate Editor N. Y. Literary Journal.

THE SOUTHERN STATES AND CITIES;—Their present appearance and Commercial prospect, by our traveling Corresponding Editor, *Wm. E. Hunter.*

To be followed by numerous other contributions of no less merit and interest. It shall be the sole aim of the Proprietors to make the TIMES a useful as well as welcome visitor to the home circle. It shall contain all the Foreign and Domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. The world shall be our text book.

In order to meet our great expense and labor, we hope to receive at least

5,000 NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

Will not every one who loves home and home institutions, lend their name and influence to establish in their midst a great SOUTHERN LITERARY WEEKLY. With your help, we pledge you to spare neither labor nor expense to make the TIMES the best paper American genius can produce. We only ask you to try us one year.

TERMS:

1 Copy one year	.....	$ 2.00
6 Copies	"	10.00
10 "	"	15.00
20 "	"	25.00
50 "	"	50.00

☞ No paper sent unless the money accompanies the order, nor will the paper be sent longer than paid for. ☜

☞ Specimen copies sent gratis, on application.

Address, OGBURN, COLE & ALBRIGHT, Greensboro' N. C.

SUPERIOR COURT:—An unusual number of people are in attendance at the Guilford Superior Court this week. On Tuesday a Slave belonging to Mr. Fries of Salem, was tried for the murder of Bob Mitchell, a free negro, and acquitted, the evidence showing the murder was in self defence. A young man by the name of Chipman is to be tried for the murder of a young lady. We go to press on Wednesday evening, while the witnesses are being sworn, the first part of the day being occupied with the formation of the Jury. No other case has or will come off of much public importance.

VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT:—We take pleasure in calling attention to this proposed entertainment for next Tuesday night. The object is laudable, and the performances will no doubt be equal, if not superior to the most experienced traveling Troupe. All who are fond of chaste and refined music, and prefer encouraging home efforts to these vulgar Ethiopian performers, whose chief excellence is to vitiate the public taste, will of course be present. We are insured the accommodations shall be ample for comfort and pleasure. See advertisement.

PARDONED:—At the Superior Court for Stokes county, held last week, William Fodrille was tried and convicted of the murder of Dr. Peatress, his brother-in-law. A petition to the Governor for a reprieve was signed by the Judge, Solicitor, Jury and the Bar. Mr. Joyce returned through this place on Sunday last with the Governor's pardon.

COMMON SENSE:—A man, who has met with great success, and is, therefore, sometimes called a *genious* by the world, remarked to us a short time since that if his success had been greater than that of many others, it was not in consequence of any especial endowment of *nature*, but a diligent and persevering use of Common Sense. Of this last commodity he professed to have a reasonable portion, and with a close application to his daily business and an eye ever to the study of human nature, he had accomplished what the world was pleased to call the work of a *genious.*

The above strikes us with much force and we are inclined to the doctrine. Common sense, like nearly every thing else *common*, is too often set aside as useless—as out of taste!

Almost every person is born with the elements within him and the influences around him for achieving distinction, for becoming good and great. If individuals do not succeed, it is generally because they do not exercise their common-sense capacities. They have fallen into the prevalent false standard of judgment, and have learned to estimate the value of things by their scarcity. This should not be. The commonest things are, throughout all God's domains, the most valuable. Our truly great men are always our common-sensical men. And the same is true of our truly *good* women. All really great and good persons are those who cultivate their own minds, and apply their powers and perceptions to the things, the realities around them, without relying passively on the brains of others.

Remember Franklin! He is our type, our model of a common-sense man. Few men are so well known in history. Very few are so often quoted. Scarcely one has made a deeper impression on human society. Yet he was not greatly distinguished in any particular line. He was never a general, as Washington was; he was not a poet, like Byron; he was not a philosopher, like Newton; nor a metaphysician, like Locke. He was neither distinctively, but he was all collectively. He was great in little things. His greatness consisted in a correct appreciation of the relations of common things. He was not great on great occasions, but great always on all occasions. He was ever ready to turn the little acts and incidents of life to practical account. He possessed an uncommon share of common sense, and this was the secret of his distinguished character, his world-wide reputation, and his extraordinary influence.

THE END OF THE WORLD:—It has been ascertained by a Scotch divine, Dr. Cummings, who has been a most diligent student of the Bible for a number of years, that this world is to be smashed up and all of its inhabitants sent to an untimely grave about the middle of June next. The Dr. is quite positive in his prediction, and will very likely create an uneasy sensation in the bosom of quite a number on the morning of the great catastrophe. It is to be brought about by the collision of a comet which has already made its appearance in the heavens; visable at present, however, only by means of a Telescope, but is rapidly approaching the earth.

For the encouragement of those, inclined to doubt the authenticity of the prediction, we will give the views of a celebrated French Astronomer, M. Babinet, in reference to the destructive force of a Comet.

In the course of some remarks which he has published concerning the comet he says: "with regard to one of the questions to which this comet has given rise, I must protest against the idea that a comet possesses the power of imparting a perceptible mechanical shock. I can prove that the collision of a swallow, intent on suicide, and flying with full force against a train of a hundred carriages, drawn by ten steam engines, would be a thousand times more dangerous for the train in question, than would be the simultaneous shock of all the known comets against the earth. What is a comet? It is a visible nothing!

REV. N. F. REID:—The third in the series of Sermons to young men, was preached by Rev. N. F. Reid in the Methodist church on Sunday night last. The evening was very unfavorable, but we believe all the young men from both congregations were present. The subject was Temperance—in innocent pleasures, dress, eating and entire abstinence from intoxicating liquors as a beverage. These sermons are universally admired, and stamp the author as one of the first men in the Southern Church. He evidently has no superior in the North Carolina Conference.

PACK YOUR THOUGHTS:—As an appropriate addenda to what we have heretofore presented on the subject of *writing*, we make the following paragraph from "How to write," published by Messrs Fowler and Wells, New York.

Do not assume that, because you have something important to communicate, it is necessary to write a long article. A tremendous thought may be packed into a small compass—made as solid as a cannon-ball, and, like that projectile, cut down all before it. Short articles are generally more effective, find more readers, and are more widely copied than long ones. *Pack your thoughts close together*, and though your article may be brief, it will have weight, and be more likely to make an impression.

"Ye who write for this busy age," says a late writer, "speak quick; use short sentences; never stop the reader with a long or ambiguous word; but let the stream of thought flow right on, and men will drink it like water."

RAIL ROAD ACCIDENT:—We learn that about three hundred yards of the track of the North Carolina Railroad was destroyed on Thursday last, caused by the wood, that is kept piled on the side of the Road, taking fire. The destruction was at Pine Level, between Goldsboro' and Raleigh. About 1,000 cords of wood was consumed.

North Carolina Literature.

In the following article from the Charleston *Mercury*, we recognise the pen of our Corresponding Editor, W. Gilmore Simms.

It is incumbent upon us to report the doings in literature of our sister States, and we rejoice to say that, on all hands, there is a very decided exhibition of a desire on the part of the South, to assert its proper claims to intellectual position. In our "Old North State" the tendency seems to be to revive the ancient chronicles, to explore the province of local history, and to glean all possible records, from legend and tradition, which shall supply the written chronicle when defective. It glads us to know that Dr. Hawks—a native of North Carolina—is now engaged on a regular history of that State, which will, no doubt, render its Colonial and Revolutionary annals complete. We are told that he has made considerable progress in his work, and that we shall soon be put in possession of it. Meanwhile, it is grateful to know that other minds have been busy, also, and that there is a considerable body of local literature which has been recently put forth by citizens of North Carolina, calculated equally to enrich her resources in history, and to establish her claims to the possession of writers quite equal to the assertion of her intellect. Among these laborers we mention with pleasure the name of Rev. Dr. Caruthers, known long ago to the literary and religious public of the South by his Memoir of the Rev. Dr. Caldwell, one of the Revolutionary fathers of the Old North State. This memoir of Dr. Caldwell is, in fact, not simply a narrative of *his* individual life, but a very good account of the first beginnings of the Revolutionary conflict in the upper part of North Carolina, extending to the earliest demonstrations, in the same direction, of the ancient Regulators when they tried the odds with Gov. Tryon—the "Wolf of North Carolina," as he was called by the Redmen. Of the history of this border struggle the Memoir of Dr. Caldwell gives an excellent account, and the work is one that is absolutely essential to every student who would make himself familiar with the early chronicles of the South.

Dr. Caruthers has not stopt at this labor, but, with laudable industry and patriotism, has given us two other interesting volumes of Memoirs on the subject of the early history and biography of North Carolina. These are called "The Old North State in 1776—first and second series." They are collections from manuscript and oral sources, and supply the local history in various precincts in North Carolina, giving detailed accounts of various public events, which hitherto have been dismissed carelessly by the historian; biographies of remarkable individuals, and anecdotes of others, all of whom were more or less concerned in the local struggle.—These narratives are curious, lively, instructive, and greatly assist in filling up the gaps in our general history. The compiler deserves great credit for his painstaking, zeal and patriotism; he writes in good style, simply, without affectation or ambition, loosely and carelessly at times, but always intelligibly and to the point. He properly seeks to do justice to the Old North State, whose services in the Revolution it has pleased our historians to slur over; as is too much the case with their treatment of all our Southern history. His error is in generalizing a little too freely, and of exaggerating the importance of certain of his topics. He has, besides been too much disposed to take his statements upon trust.—We are required, when getting oral testimony, so long after the event, to institute a sharp cross examination of the testifying parties to take assertions *cum grano*, and never to forget the always suspicious attitude of a witness who comes forward with his revelations—usually in his own behalf—long after all other witnesses are dead. These witnesses must never be allowed to disturb or assail the 'written record,' at such a late day, which they never ventured to attack when the writers or their witnesses were living. We cannot give too much heed to this rule; if we disregard it, it is doubtful whether we shall be allowed to have a singe unmutilated record, and we shall be required to reverse most of our historical judgements.

Of the same class with these writings of Dr. Caruthers, is a neat volume of Lectures, entitled "*Revolutionary History of North Carolina*," from the several pens of Dr. Hawks, and the Hons. D. L. Swain and Wm. A. Graham, to which is prefixed a sketch of the Battle of the Alamance, &c., of the Regulators with the Colonial Government—compiled by Wm. D. Cooke, A. M., by whom this nice little volume has been edited. This narrative, and these lectures, are all well written. They deal mostly in the generalities of the subject, avoiding details as inconsistent with the lecture form of composition; but they grasp the subject completely, and without details, the reader will be able to gather from these lectures a very succinct and mostly correct idea of the claims of North Carolina during the Revolutionary conflict. The volume is beautifully printed, with fine illustrations, and is altogether worthy of general perusal. Like the volumes of Caruthers, it well deserves a place in all our libraries. We welcome it to ours.

Quite an interesting narrative of the Life and Character of the celebrated Flora McDonald, has been given us also, in the form of a Lecture by Jas. Banks, Esq., of Fayetteville, N. C., which we have read with pleasure and instruction. No doubt, with a little more research, the author would be able to expand this lecture into a nice little volume.

Nor has the State Government been indifferent, while her sons have shown themselves so honorably busy, in adding to the proofs of her intellectual activity. Here is a fine, well printed octavo—a "Geological Report of the Midland Counties of North Carolina," by Ebenezer Emmons—illustrated with engravings; a volume of large uses in the development of the natural resources of the country. This work will be followed by others of the same class, carrying out the survey through all portions of the State.

The Government of North Carolina has done, and is doing, more. It has shown a laudable zeal in the cause of education; has put her public school on a good foundation, and has created the office of a State Superintendent of Common Schools, who is entrusted with the whole duty of systematizing their action under an uniform and general arganization—His powers extend even to the preparation of the proper school books; one of which—a "North Carolina Reader"—lies before us now—a compilation which largely includes the writings of natives of the State, and all of that sort of material—from its poetry, tradition and history—which would be likely to animate the young learner with the love of birth place. The present Superintendent of Common Schools of North Carolina, is the Rev. C. H. Wiley, a gentleman who has acquired a considerable reputation as a man of letters; to whom we owe an Historical Romance, called "Alamance," founded on the War of the Regulators, which forms so interesting a chapter in the history of the Old North State.

Nor has the Muse of North Carolina been silent. Here, fore example, are two volumes, modestly called "*Wood Notes*," which we owe to the kindness of an unknown friend of the Oak City—Raleigh—who will receive our sincere thanks for his courtesy and compliment. These consist of selections from the writings of near fifty native poets of the old North State—all of them exhibiting taste and cultivation, many of them grace and poetical sensibilities of the most promising character. The verses are all fugitive, as might be expected—things shed like the aroma of wild flowers along the highways; for we are not to expect Homers where there are no audiences. The volumes are very beautifully printed, and edited by a lady—Tenella—the pretty *nom de plume*, we are told, of Mrs. W. J. Clarke, who has herself written quite a number of the prettiest things in the collection.

It is a somewhat abrupt transition to pass from poetry to pestilence; but, in our array of the recent performances of our sister State, we are required to give heed to all the provinces of literature into which she has been disposed to press; and we find in our collection a couple of treatises on "Malaria," by Charles E. Johnson, M. D., of Raleigh. Dr. Johnson holds an enviable rank among his profession in North Carolina, and these essays appear to us quite worthy of respectfully study. The writer has aimed rather to clear away the old rubbish of theory on the subject of Malaria, than to introduce any new one of his own. He has shown how utterly in conflict, how illogical, absurd, contradictory, and baseless of truth, are a large portion of the received doctrines; and this is one great step gained towards getting at the truth. All professions have their superstitions, and those of the medical, in respect to Malaria, are perpetually diverting us from those aspects of the subject from which, studied properly and without bias from the past, we might at length behold the true genius of Pestilence emerge. But we have no space for discussion here, and mean only to draw attention to the work, as one of the recent issues of the North Carolina press.

For the present, we have done. Of course, our catalogue shows only a small portion of what our sister State has done and is doing. These volumes we picked up in a hurried progress through a portion only of North Carolina. No doubt a large number of writings, of various classes and various degrees of merit, have illustrated, locally, the mind of that region, of which ours has no knowledge. But, we should like to know, and we appeal earnstly to the press of the good old North State, to give us, from each precinct, a *catalogue raisonnee*, of the local publications, such as we have here imperfectly presented of a part only.

THE SUNKEN FLEET AT SEVASTOPOL:—The Boston Submarine Company have contracted with the government of Russia to raise the sunken ships at Sevastopol. This is an important move in the advancement of the age, and we give some of the particulars of the outfit. The vessels are now on their way with numerous mechanics, and the best divers in the United States, with several complete sets of submarine armor, apparatus for blasting, and a *Gwynne pumping engine*, capable, when driven to its full capacity, of discharging *one thousand barrels of water per minute.* By means of this wonderful machine, a sunken vessel can be pumped out, filled with air, and thus raised, without the slightest injury. Upwards of thirty large sunken steamers have been raised by this new and admirable process, in the United States, within the last two years, and it is a noticeable fact that in no case has it failed of success. It is not necessary to attempt to make the sunken vessels perfectly tight. Leaks admitting a thousand gallons per minute are of no consequence, where the engine will discharge as many barrels in the same time.

In raising the steamer Knickerbocker, in September last, from the bottom of the Hudson river, by this process, two air ports, each ten inches square, were purposely left open, in addition to all the other leaks, and yet *in just one hour and fifteen minutes* she was afloat, ready to be towed to New York. She was a steamer of the largest class, 300 feet long and 32 feet beam, and till taken hold of by the Boston Submarine Company, was regarded as a hopeless case.

REVIEWS.

MY LAST CRUISE; or, where we went and what we saw, being an account of visits to the Malay and Loo-Choo Islands, the coasts of China, Formosa, Japan, Kamtschatka, Siberia, and the mouth of the Amoor River. By A. W. Habersham, Lieut. U. S. Navy, and late of the North Pacific surveying and exploring expedition. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1857.

We have before us a most beautiful volume of over 500 pages, gotten up in the very best style and profusely illustrated. It will be remembered that in 1853 the government of the United States sent out a "Surveying and Exploring Expedition to the North Pacific, China Seas, &c., &c." About the same time with the sailing of this expedition, Commodore Perry, acting under the authority of the President, had stipulated a treaty of commerce with Japan, whose territory had been heretofore locked in from the tread of all foreigners. The exclusiveness of Japan and China had, previously, rendered an accurate knowledge of the seas that washed their coasts almost useless, and consequently the few nautical maps were very defective, and merchant ships were constantly liable to be stranded upon a sand bar, or driven by unknown currents and wrecked upon the rocky coasts.

"To test the accuracy of charts extant, to prepare others of unknown coasts, to follow the trackless path of the wayward current, to lift the veil that hung between civilization and the customs and habits of isolated tribes and nations, and to collect data from unfrequented parts of our globe for the advancement of science, the Government of the United States sent out the North Pacific Surveying and Exploring Expedition; and the following pages are simply intended to show where it was that we went, and what it was that we saw, while engaged in the attainment of these objects."

The above is an extract from the Preface, which will show the book to aim at a simple narrative of personal observation whilst engaged in this arduous task in strange seas and among stronger people. We have not been for a long time more highly entertained in perusing a book of such a character, and but few books lend a greater charm to the general reader. The strange customs of these people, the dangers encountered by land and by sea, by beasts and by reptiles, by high-sea pirates and by jungle robbers, the curiosities of nature and the many strange devices of the ignorant barbarians, all lend a charm to weave a narrative of more thrilling interest than is often produced by the most fruitful imagination. The great number of beautiful engravings accompanying the narrative adds much to the interest and the instructiveness of the work. Verily the world is made up of strange beings! And one half knoweth not how the other half liveth.

HOW TO TALK; A new pocket Manual of Speaking, Conversation and Debating; with directions for acquiring a grammatical, easy and graceful style.

This is the second number of the new "Hand-Books for Home Improvements" gotten up by Messrs. Fowler & Wells, publishers, 308 Broadway, New York. This work is intended to furnish in a condensed form such an exposition of the whole subject of language as will enable any person of common intelligence, by a little application to study, and a moderate degree of perseverance in practice, to avoid most of the gross errors which mar the speech of a majority of our people, and to use the English tongue with correctness and elegance. It notes and corrects, in accordance with rules previously given, a large number of the most common errors in speaking. It gives useful and *practical* rules and hints on delivery in general, and on the kindred topics of conversation, reading, and public speaking in particular, illustrated by examples and accompanied by suitable exercises. Price in paper, 30 cents: in muslin, 50 cents. ☞ Where is "How to write."

CHINESE SUGAR CANE and Sugar Making; its history, culture, and adaptation to the climate, soil and economy of the United States, with an account of various processes of Manufacturing sugar. By Charles F. Stansbury, A.M., late commissioner at the Exhibition of the industry of all Nations, at London.

The above work is issued in a very neat pamphlet form, by C. M. Soxton & Co., Agricultural Book publishers, New York, and will be sent to any person, free of postage, together with seed enough to plant two square roads, for 28 cents.

THE CHRISTIAN SUN:—The 14th volume of this paper commenced with the issue for the 17th inst. The *Sun* is published at Suffolk, *Va.*, and is devoted to the advancement of the Christian Church. The editor has made several additions for insuring greater interest in the forthcoming volume, one of which is the employing of E. F. Watson and A. G. Anderson as Corresponding Editors, besides a number of very interesting correspondents. Terms $1.50 a year. W. B. Wellons, Editor.

SACRAMENTO NEWS:—Our office was greeted this week with a bundle of neatly printed daily papers, hailing all the way from Sacramento, California. The *News* is a very interesting daily, and we are glad to form its acquaintance. Persons interested in California items, we presume, cannot do better than to call upon the *News*. Terms $8 a year.

THE BLAND HOUSE:—This old and popular house was sold at public auction on Monday last for $3.225. Only a few months since it was bidden in at $5.600. Col. Brittain is the purchaser, and we understand, intends to refurnish and open it again for the public. Col. B. is a most hospitable man, and will doubtless make a first class Hotel.

PROFITABLE READING:—We find in one of our sprightly exchanges a spirited article under the above caption, from which we extract a thought.

It is not from the quantity of our reading matter, so much as from its quality, that we get wisdom. A good book is better than a great book; a learned sermon is better than a long one; and a spirited little paper is worth more than a dull one of larger dimensions. One of the prominent faults of our go-ahead people is, reading too much and understanding too little. The cause of this is, to a great extent, to be found in the kind of reading matter that comes in their way.

Some newspapers and some books there are, so very dull, so dismally lifeless, so brain-benumbing, and so heart-torpifying, that the more we read them the less we seem to know and the worse we feel. Instead of getting ideas from them, they actually abstract from us. Instead of feeding our thoughts to multiply with the sentences, we find them continually diluting and diminishing. We become so magnetized with the pervading spirit of dullness, that we insensibly sink into a state of dreamy somniferousness.

Compare a lively, spirited, free-speaking, and truth-seeking little newspaper with one of our large, dull, rapid blanket-sized sheets! Why, one may be compared to the electric spark that energizes every thing and keeps the universe in motion, while the other is like the nursery lullaby which the poet has so beautifully expressed:

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber."

The world wants a better quality of reading matter; a more instructive kind, and a more wide-awake style of writing. It needs speakers, and teachers, and books, and newspapers—and especially newspapers—which possess in themselves the elements of active vitality and lively progress, sufficient to awaken thought in others, and to direct it into the proper channels, as well as to gratify perception and cultivate memory.

ORIGIN OF "WOLVERINE."—As we are now presenting our readers a series of "Sketches" of the early history, or life scenes in Michigan, perhaps there may be some curiosity to know how she came to be called the "Wolverine State." We did not know until a few days since, when we came across the following, which we take from a Michigan paper, and is probably authentic.

Job Calvers, a correspondent of the New York Sunday Courier, tells the following story of the manner in which the State of Michigan became nicknamed. We give it for what it is worth. Job says that Conrad Ten Eyck kept a tavern about ten miles from Detroit, in 1823, and many years after. But at the period we speak of a gay party, in the winter, resolved to have a sleigh-ride out to "*Coons*," as he was called. Arrived out, they called for supper. "Coon" being one of the early pioneers to the interior of the Territory, then inhabited by Indians, had bought of the natives, that very day, the carcass of a wolf for the sake of the skin, (no premiums were then offered for scalps.) Coon, who was put to his "trumps" in order to get up a supper, having nothing *fresh* on hand, bethought himself of the wolf in the barn. In due time the supper was ready, and the gentlemen were invited to "sit down and eat and welcome to our table."—There was

"Venison" steak and "venison" fry,
"Venison" stew and "venison" pie.

After supper the merits of the dishes were discussed, and many were the praises bestowed upon the catering of "mine host." Apple jack and smuggled brandy were likewise discussed until midnight, when the party ordered up their sleigh to depart. Just as they were about leaving, Coon asked the party to take a parting drink at the expense of the house.

"Gentlemen," said Coon, "you say you like the supper I have furnished. Now allow me to say that you are henceforth to be known as the 'Wolverine Party,' the savory dishes you have partaken of are from the hams of a fine, fat young *wolf*, that I bought to-day of the Indians."

This announcement was received by the party as a good joke, and "glasses went round to keep it down."

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—A fire occurred in Baltimore on Tuesday 14th which destroyed property to the value of $300,000. The insurance on the same amounted to $260,000. A despatch says that 15 bodies have been found in the ruins. Seven are yet missing.

Steamer Burnt.

NORFOLK, April 20.—The steamer Liberty was burnt to the water's edge at Plymouth, N. C. Loss $20,000.

MARRIED,

At Davidson College on the 14th inst., by Rev. E. F. Rockwell, Mr. JOHN M. PORTER to Miss MARGARET L. HARRIS, all of Mecklenburgh county. The voice of the Bridegroom and Bride was once more heard in our land.

In Christ Church, Raleigh, on Wednesday morning 15th., inst., by Rev. Dr. Mason, KENELM H. LEWIS ESQ. of Edgecombe to Miss BETTIE, daughter of Hon. John H. Bryan.

In Lexington, on the 13th inst., by Rev. J. J. Smyth, of Greensboro, Rev. J. A. BOOZER and Miss MARY J., youngest daughter of Mr. Andrew Hunt, all of Lexington.

In Taylorsville, Va., on the 7th inst., by Rev. Charles H. Philips, JAS. C. NORMAN, Esq., of Sufry county, N. C., and Miss MAGGIE B., daughter of A. A. Moir, Esq., of that place.

In Alamance County, at the residence of the bride's father, on the 21st. inst., by Rev. N. F. Reid, Mr. B. B. BASSETT of Greensboro, to Miss NANCY ELIZABETH SELLERS.

DIED,

In this place, on the morning of the 22nd. inst., Bennett Thomas, son of William C. Doub, aged 18 months and 21 days.

In Germanton, on the 12th inst., Dr. W. W. STEDMAN.

GRAND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT. A portion of the Young Ladies and Gentlemen of Greensboro, assisted by Prof's. Woolle, Hunt and Schneider propose giving a Concert in the Young Men's Hall on Tuesday Evening 28th April.

The proceeds of the Concert are intended for the benefit of Prof. Schneider, who has long been a resident here and in his capacity of Professor of Music has been of such essential service, not only to his immediate pupils, but also in promoting musical science and raising the Standard of musical taste among us that it is conceived a compliment of this kind is eminently due him. The Concert will consist of Chorusses, Quartetts, Duetts, &c. &c. Vocal and Instrumental a programme of which, will appear in time before the Concert.

Admittance 50 cents. Children half price.

Doors open at 7½ O'clock, Concert to commence at 8 O'clock.

PARROW'S ORIGINAL JULIEN MINSTRELS now *en route* North prior to their departure for Australia, will arrive in Greensboro in a few days, when they will give their chaste and entertaining Concerts.

For particulars see programme.

68::1w CHAS. D. PAGE, *Agent.*

Old Bonnets Made New!

MRS. LUCRETIA SALLEE, having settled in Greensboro', where she expects to carry on Bleaching, Cutting, Trimming and Shaping of Bonnets, flatters herself from her long experience in the business, that she can give satisfaction to all who may give her a call. She can make the most ill-shaped Bonnet look as bright as if new. She is prepared to furnish the most fashionable Trimmings.

All work sent from a distance shall be promptly attended to. One trial is all that is asked to give satisfaction.

Call in the corner house in the rear of Messrs. J. & F. GARRETT'S STORE. (44:3)

HUMBUG! HUMBUG!!—AS THIS is an age of humbugs, we are not surprised to find an intelligent community setting their faces against braggarts, of all classes—whether doctors, lawyers or *Ambrotypists*. A divine of this place wisely remarked—that "a fool's argument is, what will you bet on it," and whenever a man proposes so compete with his fellow man for a reward, and then backs out and says, *I'll bet* I can excel you, and never *try*—people naturally conclude, he is a humbug. Than editor was to *steal* an editorial from a brother editor when every body knew he had stolen it, (or an Ambrotypist had stolen a brother artists' advertisement, whether prose or *poetry*) what would they think? Wouldn't they *know* he was a humbug? Most assuredly! When a circus comes along and advertises with pictures of unnatural contortions, *large capital letters* (calculated to make an impression on the mind which is not *real*,) all thoughtful persons say, beware! As to grinding poetry for *everybody*, as a friend has advertised for me, it is a mistake; but I will have pieces ground for all *such as borrow* from others and are too *sensitive* to give them credit for their labors. But, I am digressing, and if you want Ambrotypes or Melanotypes colored true to life and put up in the neatest style of the Art call over Garrett's Store, and while I do not profess to *surpass* the man who Invented the art or made the latest improvement! yet, I am not *afraid* to compare pictures with any artist in Greensboro.

April, 22 1857. A. STARRETT.

NEW GOODS AT CALDWELLS. THE Subscriber would respectfully call the attention of the public to his entire New Stock of Spring and Summer Goods; consisting in a well selected assortment of Dry Goods, Hardware, Crockery, Groceries, Drugs, Paints, Boots and Shoes, Ready Made Clothing, Silk, Wool, Panama and Palmleaf Hats, Books and Stationary, Brooms, Buckets and Pails, Looking Glasses, Portmonies, Fans, Buttons, Beads, Combs, and a variety of other Yankee Notions. All of which will be sold at the lowest possible figure and such prices as cannot fail to give entire satisfaction. Call examine and determine for yourselves. Terms cash or produce on delivery of the Goods.

R. N. CALDWELL.

April 22. (68—3y.)

W. H. REECE, CONSTABLE, WILL STRICTLY ATTEND TO the collection of *ALL DEBTS* intrusted to his care with promptness and dispatch.

60::3mo Post Office, Jamestown, N. C.

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS. RECOLLECTIONS of a Life-time; Tit for Tat, a reply to, "Dud;" Magdalane Hepburn, by the author of Zaidee; Live and Learn; Prince of the House of David; Missing Bride; Spurgeon, the modern Whitfield; with numerous other works, and articles just received and for sale at the Book Store.

Jan. 1857. E. W. OGBURN & Co.

W. GILMORE SIMMS' WORKS Complete, New and Revised Editions, with Illustrations. **Revolutionary Tales**—The Partisan; Mellichampe; Katharine Walton; The Scout; Woodcraft, The Forayers Eutaw; **Border Romances**—Guy Rivers; Richard Hurdis; Border Beagles; Charlemont; Beauchampe; Confession; The Yemassee; Southword, Ho! **Poems**—In two volumes. At the Book Store by

April 16. E. W. OGBURN & CO.

GIVE IN YOUR TAXABLES:—All Tax-payers within the corporate limits of the Town of Greensboro, are hereby notified that I will be at the Court House on Monday the 27th April, to receive a list of your Taxables. For one day only. Persons failing to comply are liable to pay double Tax.

C. G. YATES, *Intendant.*

April 14. 67::2w

SOMETHING NEW! A FAMILY PROVISION STORE! MRS. L. BENCINI has just received and opened a large supply of all kinds of FAMILY GROCERIES, which will be sold cheap for cash.

☞ Country produce taken in exchange at Market price. Sept. 22

N. C. FREEMAN, WITH ABBOTT, JOHNS & CO., IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF STAPLE AND FANCY SILK GOODS, *No. 153 Market Street, Philadelphia.*

1856. 2-1y

MACHINE POETRY.—As improvements are constantly being made in the Ambrotype business, I have invented a Machine for grinding poetry which will I think work charmingly after I get in practice, the first piece is by no means a fair specimen, but will serve to give the public some idea what a little "perseverance and sweet oil" can accomplish.

Come over to Starretts come every one come,
Who wish a likeness, in pairs or alone;
He will *Coffin* none for a dollar or two,
But give each a picture, that's lifelike and true.
The rose and the lily, he'l blend on each cheek,
And give to the eyes such a lustre, they'd speak,
And sparkle with wit, and throw such a charm
O'er all of the face, that the woman, or man,
Will be with them pleased, in expression and mein.
For they'l smile as sweet, as a babe in a dream
Then, come over to Starrett's, every one come,
If you wish to get a good likeness, for any one,
Say, an Uncle, or Aunt, a Father, or Mother,
A Sister, or friend, a belle, beau, or brother.
And he'l paint their portrait, so well on th' glass,
That none of their features, from it will e'er pass;
But there remain ever, as they now appear,
To cheer while they live, and when gone, oh, how dear!
Such a token will be, to the bereaved heart;
When those that it loves, from earth shall depart.
Therefore, he *characatures* none oh, no, no!
'Twould be cruel in him, were he to do so,
He's a man of his word and he will perform
All that he promises, or acknowledge the corn,
By at once backing out and———

There my machine is broke and will need repairing which will be done soon, as poetry is in demand by the fraternity. I hope the Editors and the public will not class me with the poets, but when they want good Ambrotypes "count me in!" A. STARRETT.

AMBROTYPES—AT COFFIN'S GALLERY you can get an Ambrotype for only one dollar. Come everybody and get one. These Ambrotypes are finished up transparent.

These Ambrotypes are finished up with two glasses hermetically sealed together.

These Ambrotypes are colored natural to life.

These Ambrotypes are warranted neither to fade or spot.

These Ambrotypes are excelled by none in the Union.

He takes the likenesses of children in from two to four seconds sitting.

His rooms are over Gilmer & Hendrix's store.

Z. S. COFFIN.

March 25, 1857.

NEW BOOKS—JUST RECEIVED.—The Star and Cloud, or a Daughter's Love, by A. S. Poe; The Artist's Bride, or the Pawn Broker's Heir, Bennet; The American Citizen, Hopkins; The Violet, or the Cross and the Crown, McIntosh; Life of Nathan Hale, the Martyr Spy, Stewart; Poems of Geslan; Old Horne, the Pawn-Broker, or the Orphan's Legacy; My last Cruise, or Where we went and What we saw, Habersham; The Rangers and the Regulators of the Tanaha; Vicar of Wakefield, Goldsmith; Read's Poems; Longfellow's Poems; Counsel to the Awakened, or Path of Safety; Poems National and Patriotic by Cutter; Torrey's Interest Tables; The Prince of the House of David, Patton; Numerous Poetry of the English Language; Eliza Cook's Poems; Bancroft's History of the United States, six volumes; Cyclopædia of American Literature, Duyckinck; &c., &c.

At the Book Store by

April 16, E. W. OGBURN & CO.

All kinds of Blanks for Sale.

Life Pictures

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

HIGHWAYS & BY-WAYS.

BY FANNY FIELDING.

Author of "Foot-prints of the Pestilence," &c.

CHAPTER VI.

CONCLUSION.

The Sorcerer and his Weird-works.

A lapse of years passed over the events of our last chapter, dimming the records in the memory of some, erasing them in others, and yet again stamping them more indellibly upon others. Time is no loiterer, far as our experience and observation extend, and what with his building up and pulling down—his creating and annihilating—his concealments, his revelations and their concomitants, he has a busy time of it. Now tracing his name in letters of "ivy-green" upon the gable of some ancient ruin,—now chronicling, at one and the same time, his presence and his flight in gilded characters upon some princely edifice of modern times;—Now here,—now there,—now merry, now sad, —oh he has a *great race* of it—this eccentric wight!

Well, years passed on, we said—and found new tenants for the Fairchild house in Fifth Avenue, in indication of which a silver plate upon the door bore the name of "Richard Armstrong." What! Bouncer the little street ranger who belonged to nobody and nothing?—least of all did anything belong to him: Even so. And we enter, for we are curious people, you know, and inspect some of the interior arrangements. All is comfort, luxury, elegance. Wealth *in good hands* is a powerful lever for good,—we have all felt this at some time and in some form, and by its aid, in connection with other influences no less indispensable, we see in the proprietor of these goodly domains,—a gentleman of education, refinement and high intellectual attainments. Learning in late youth the necessity of these, characteristic energy and decision of purpose, with perhaps a latent natural taste which then first developed itself, enabled him to lay hold of the hardest tasks, and master them with a facility and aptness which at once amazed and delighted his instructors, and no less *kind Jack Gilbert*, who persisted, when others talked of the wonder-working powers of Education, in saying —"it was born in him, what was it to do but show itself?"—"And yet, Uncle Jack" Dick would laughingly reply. —"you have virtually acknowledged to slight faith in my natural powers of bringing it out, by placing me, as soon as I came into your hands again, under such discipline as would cause me to rue my day if I showed *nothing* for it.

* * * * * *

The people living in that house have determined upon a quiet evening among themselves with their friends, a certain flourishing young lawyer with his wife, who have come in from their home not very far off, and there are orders to answer future door-bells with—"wishes to be excused."

Oh! it's ever such a cosy time!—There are cabinets of curiosities around, and gothic book-cases of everything rare and pleasant and curious in the literary line, and on the centre-table are the evening-papers and bundles, and bundles of all the popular periodicals of the day.

"Mr. Wise,—*Captian*, take this chair," said Richard Armstrong as he and the other gentleman, his guest, entered from an adjoining room,—"you may know that I intend you honor when I offer you that seat,—no one ever occupies it except Uncle Jack; it was bought for him, and when he does n't fill his corner and spin sea-yarns to us from thence, it is set back until he comes again; and so I suppose it will continue to be, until old age or *we* may prevail upon him to give up his sea-life and make his permanent home with us.

Everett took the comfortably cushioned chair and moved it beside his beautiful Leda who with that still serene and holy face which had charmed poor Bouncer in his outlaw days, sat there, a guest in the house which she had then regarded as her home. One more and the party was complete;—there sat a beautiful and still childish form in a small low chair beside the table, under the gas-light, and clustering curls of golden hue fell adown her shoulders and over her young face as she sat cutting the leaves, and eagerly perusing each liberated page of a favorite Magazine. "What is it Ida?" and a manly glance of mingled pride and pleasure stole towards her. "'Notices to Correspondents?' and 'Accepted,' and 'Rejected,'—or *Declined articles?* How is it?"—and he snatched the half-open pamphlet which she made a playful effort to retain, reading—"'To Ione.—*Life, and its aims and ends.—Gratefully accepted,—would we had more, aye,* MANY *more of such contributors—&c, &c,*'—very complimentary"—continued Richard. "Now indeed you shall not laugh at me"—said Ida, with a sort of half movement to get the book again.

"I am not laughing now, really" he replied, "when I ask what on earth you could do with so serious a subject,—however, I unaccountably, for an instant, lose sight of your teacher when I propound that query"—and Leda with a kind smile acknowledged the implied compliment.

"What, Miss Leda," he pursued,—("for that seems yet most natural,) what, would you say, should be its legitimate aim and design?"

"It is a comprehensive question, Richard; one which will admit of many answers, to one end; but I should say he had not lived in vain, who, in leaving each mile-stone of his life-journey behind, might joy that so much of the distance was compassed of that road leading to his Father's mansions; and I know not if we should go very far wrong in making this ambition the chart by which to guide our steps. But don't betray me into sermonizing, please; I am not agreeable when I go at that—at least Everett thinks not, and as you left my class once without any provocation, I promise you you shall not be taken back in a hurry. However, I must take the Magazine containing Ida's views, and see how they coincide with my own."

Richard still turned over the leaves of the book he held, with an amused look.

"Did you ever"—remarked he, turning to Everett,—"did you ever see anything like these feminine book-weights?—how they *do* press the stars into their service! My stars!—no! not *my* stars, but their stars. Did it never strike you, Captain, as a radiant thought,—a bright idea,—this finishing off a chapter, when there's a superabundance of *gas* on, by numberless little asterisks?—denoting doubtless that the sentiment and all is much too etherial to be held on the pen's point and has flown upward to its kindred and genial realms of light."

"Does Ione confess there to such a monopoly?" asked "the Captain."

"No, not in this instance, I believe," was the reply.

"Then I'm going to agree with you, that one modern Woman's book is a perfect succession of Milky-ways."

"Good!—I hope you would n't be wicked enough to hint at any compound or commixture of water?"

"*Honi soit qui mal y pense*, Richard; —your sin upon your own head,—I'm not responsible."

"Very well!—but to the subject,—what construction do you ladies place upon it? I translate it——— Don't expect a *denouement* upon Earth, we're above that!—cast your eyes upward, and wait and watch—something 'll come presently, —(it may be *an idea.*)

"I'll declare you seem ambitious of being very brilliant this evening, Bouncer," interposed a voice, "and in sheer revenge I'll enlist another galaxy of stars and store them up in the next Magazine for a dazzling fire upon you, especially."

"You will have your revenge," laughed he. "It's all very well for those who are fond of star-gazing, but to a matter-of-fact man like myself,—why,—these sidereal flights produce a sensation of——*blankness.* I don't like *implied* astrological lessons from which I learn nothing. Down with Humbug in all instances—or *at least* let the stars go free. But Miss Leda looks as though she thought I had joked your enough and so, we'll leave all the pen and ink planets fixed between sheets where Misses Betty Bloomer, Fanny Flower, or Hetty Hollyhock have placed them and take one of Leda's sweet songs instead."

While they listen we will, if you please, reader, look around upon some of the subactors in our drama,—*romance*, if you will have it thus.

—Mrs. Curl no longer Grocer—or Grocer-*ess* at No. 14 Commerce St., has *bettered her condition*—(I give her favorite phrase,) in various ways and by various means,—not "the least among which was increased kindness to Bouncer during his brief sojourn with her, as man-of-all work, in addition to which, Jack Gilbert who finds out everything, has discovered a protracted case of cousin-ship, connecting her with the kind Mrs. Bennet to whose hands the infant Bouncer had been entrusted, and who, Heaven rest her soul! it was furthermore revealed, had died suddenly and strangely, not long after Gilbert left the country. Mrs. Curl's ever-reliable memorandum-book bearing witness to this fact as to others of like interest to Jack Gilbert aforesaid.

Watchman Wimble and family, by aid of frequent anonymous remittances,—some marked "*ship*,"—some with no mark, are also enabled to live in increased comfort.

Aunt Amy holds her post of honor in her young master's household, repelling, with undisguised scorn, all volunteers of fanatical *friends* to render her dissatisfied with her condition; requiting their commiseration and care with some such remark as this:—"What! I belong to Everett Wise? No, indeed! Just t'other way! He's my child,—he belongs to me an' I means to make him support me—long as I live!"

* * * *

We look in again to bid good-night to the group circling around Richard Armstrong's fireside, but there is with us a sensation as of dimmed lights and forms fading into mist about us. The spell is broken! It is not the house and its inmates in Fifth Avenue, nor its dying gas-lights. It is late, and our own light burns low;—no student's lamp burning with midnight oil, imparting its classic odor to the thickly traced, somewhat *be-starred* sheets before us, but a matter-of-fact *sperm candle* in a bronzed stick, lighting a veritable Virginia girl through the mazes of pen, ink, and foolscap. Our space is short, like our candle, for "The Times" will not wait for us, but—once more ere we have laid down our pen for good.—

It has been said that "one half the world knows not how the other half lives," in verification of which ancient apothegm we daily note the death of sympathy marking man's bearing to his fellow-man.

We neither challenge contradiction, nor aspire to revelations new and strange while calling attention to the fact that each son and daughter of poor frail humanity, following his own beaten track adown the devious life-path, naturally enough it may be, occupies himself by the way with those objects nearest at hand or easiest of access, too little, (we have thought,) regardful of the fact that the Highways and By-ways of this, our earthly pilgrimage,—if they merge not into one another when we least expect such a termination (as we have endeavored to show *is* sometimes the case,) must, *finally*, lead to one great Goal, Prince and Peasant,—Peer and Pauper,—Dives and Lazarus,—the lofty and the lowly. And the idea has more than once presented itself that if we, of each class of travelers, whether by the Highways or by the more remote and sequestered By-ways, thought more, heard more, read more of each other and our respective trials and triumphs, the Precept which bids us "weep with those who weep, and rejoice with those who rejoice," would, instead of lying a dead letter in our book, form a vital, *practical* part of our day as we journey onwards. There should be none too lowly to claim it at our hands:—the good Savior said not—"do ye all these to the exalted among men, and bear their burthens."

In conclusion,—we have endeavored to bear in mind, that he who wields the pen —be it with mighty or with feeble stroke, has a sacred duty to perform. To his Maker, to his fellow-man, to himself; and if in transferring these Life-Pictures to the pages before us, one sympathetic throb for humanity has been awakened, one high resolve formed not to "pass by on the other side," should a lowly brother in his hour of need, present himself in our way; —if there be found herein one such incitement to such as this and these,—if homely Virtue has one charm more—gilded Vice one lover less; the work has not been vain.

* Note. This remark was really made by old Charlotte, a venerable family-servant of our present Honorable Governor, when, on occasion of her being in the Quaker City with her master and mistress, some abolitionists essayed her a free lecture upon the miseries of Southern slavery, and urged her escape from her owners.

Farm, House and Fyn.

Fruit Trees.—Make your spring examination for the borer round the roots of your peach trees. The best method is to remove the dirt, and having found the spot from which the gum exudes, dig in with a knife and kill the worm. If young trees are liable to be much shaken by the wind, stake them firmly, tying with broad, stout strips of cloth. Mulch them well with leaves from the forest, which partially cover with soil, as in the case of roses, to prevent their blowing off. Water in dry times, through the mulching.

To Increase the Size of Fruit.—If you can manage to support any kind of fruit so that the weight shall not hang on the stem, it will increas the size at least one-third. The weight of the fruit contracts those vessels through which nutriment passes to it, and thereby acts as a natural warning against and preventive of great weight.

To Cure Hams.—To twelve hams take eight pounds of brown sugar, five pounds of fine salt, and one-quarter of a pound of saltpetre. After the ingredients are well mixed together, rub your hams with it, and let them remain thus for ten days. Then make a pickle strong enough to bear an egg; pour it on your hams, and let them stand for three weeks, after which they will be ready to smoke.

To Cure Drunkenness:—A writer in the London Lancet says that if persons who are addicted to sprees will, when they feel the periodical appetite coming on, take half a drachm of ipecac and vomit, they will lose the appetite for the time entirely; and if they follow up the emetic plan will cure themselves of the habit. When the intense desire for alcoholic stimulants comes on, the stomach is at fault; evacuate it, and the desire is removed.

An old lady walked into the Office of a judge of Probate and asked—"Are you the Judge of Reprobates?"

"I am the Judge of Probate."

"Well, that's it I expect," quoth the old lady, "you see my father died detested, and he left several little infidels, and I want to be their executioner."

An Irishman called at a printing office with an advertisement, and like a prudent man, inquired what it would cost. He was informed that for one insertion the price would be 82; subsequent insertions 75 cents each. "An faith," said he, "I'll only have two subsequent insertions."

The child of a woman's rights' advocate heard the Lord's prayer. "Ma," said she, upon coming home—"I don't want to say 'amen' at the end, as the other girls do. Why can't I say a-women?',

"Did you present your account to the defendant?" inquired a lawyer of his clerk. "I did, sir." "What did he say, sir?" "He told me to go to the devil, sir." "Well, and what did you do after that?" "Why, then I came to you."

When first the marring knot was tied,
Between my wife and me;
My age exceeded hers as much,
As three times three does three.
But when the man and wife had been
For ten and half ten years,
Her age approached as near to mine
As eight is to sixteen.

Question—How old were they when they were married?

When the day breaks what becomes of the fragments? Dissoved in light, of course.

The squirrell jumps from limb to limb
But the flirt from beau to beau.

Direct Line to RICHMOND, Va.

Fare through from Greensboro' to Richmond via Danville, Va., only $7, being four dollars and thirty cents cheaper than any other line running from Greensboro' **NORTH.**

The Proprietor of the stage line from Greensboro', N. C., to Danville, Va., would inform the public that he is now running a *Daily Line of* **4 Horse Coaches,** (Sundays excepted,) from the former to the latter place, connecting at both points with the Rail Roads.

Leaves Greensboro' daily (Sundays excepted) at 4 o'clock P. M., and arrives in Richmond next day in time to take the evening train going *NORTH.*

Persons wishing to visit Wentworth or Madison, by taking the Danville stage at Greensboro' on Monday, Wednesday, or Friday, will reach either of these places the same night.

Dec. 19, 1856. J. HOLDERBY,

(21::1y c-o-w)

A CARD.

THE MERCHANTS of Greensboro, feeling the necessity of a change in their manner of doing business in this place, have resolved to have all debts made for goods sold due the first of each July and the first of each January, without regard to the date of the purchase. We are decidedly of the opinion that it will be better for the customer as well as the merchant.

January 1, 1857:

J. & F. GARRETT,
W. J. McCONNEL,
GILMER & HENDRIX,
A. P. ECKLE,
T. J. PATRICK,
J. F. JOLLEE & CO.,
J. N. THOMPSON,
R. G. LINDSAY,
J. R. & J. SLOAN,
W. C. PORTER,
A. WEATHERLY,
RANKIN & McLEAN,
WINBOURNE & WITTY,
C. N. McADOO.

(56::tf)

A New Book.

The Old North State in 1776; SECOND SERIES, by E. W. Caruthers, D.D., just published, and for sale by

Aug., 1856 E. W. OGBURN.

REMOVAL.—THE SUBSCRIBER having removed his Gallery to Garret's New Building, Room No. 4. Where he has a fine Northern light, is now prepared to take Ambrotypes or Melanotypes, in all the beauty of the art not to be excelled by any "Celebrated Artist" whatever.

Ambrotypes colored true to life if desired, and warranted. His Melanotype is a beautiful picture, taken on sheet iron and warranted not to fade. He would further say to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Greensboro and vicinity, that he is thankful for past favors and hopes to merit a continuance of their patronage.

AMBROTYPES for **One Dollar** Only. Call and examine his Specimens.

ALEXANDER STARRETT.

March 18 1857.

TEXT Books, used in Colleges and Common Schools, kept constantly on hand by

E. W. OGBURN.

EMPORIUM OF FASHION.—Mrs. WHEELER & Mrs. OAKLEY take this method of informing their friends & customers that they have received their new stock of Millinery and Fancy Goods—consisting of Bonnets, Ribbons, Flowers, Laces, &c. Particular attention paid to Dress-Making. We have one of the best systems of Dress-Cutting in this country, and have made arrangements to receive direct from New York Patterns every month. Room No. 2, over Garrett's store.

Greensboro, March 25, 1857. 64tf

LAMPS.

A large lot of FLUID LAMPS just received at the Drug Store of W. C. PORTER.

BOLTING CLOTHS and BURR MILL STONES.—The genuine Anchor Wand Cloths of all Nos. from 1 to 11, inclusive, kept in full supply on hand. French Burr Mill Stones of any size, to order, and warranted, delivered at Wilmington, Fayetteville, or any Station on the N. C. Railroad.

R. G. LINDSAY,

April, 1856. N. E. corner of Elm & Market

A CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.—In reply to an advertisement given by Z. S. Coffin, offering a reward of **$100**, to any person of this County, who would produce Ambrotypes superior to his, I beg leave to say, that by depositing **$100** in the "Savings Bank" of N. C., and appointing Competent Judges, I will exhibit my Specimens on any day, that he will mention; or if the above is not satisfactory, if he will deposit the money as aforesaid, and his Specimens with the C. C. Clerk, I will also deposit Specimens with same and the decision may be made by the Intendant and Comissioners of the town.

ALEXANDER STARRETT.

March 18 1857.

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, Vest and Fob Chains, Breastpins, Finger, Ear-rings, Revolvers, Pistols, Forte Monnaies and Spectacles for sale by S. ARCHER.

GREAT ATTRACTION AT S. ARCHER'S STORE.—The Subscriber is now receiving a superior stock of ready made Clothing, Shirts, Drawers, Cravats, Collars, Suspenders, Pocket Handkerchiefs, Socks, Hats, Boots, Shoes, Trunks, Traveling Bags, Umbrellas and a great many other things too numerous to mention, and generally kept in a gentleman's furnishing store, to which he invites the attention of his friends, customers and the public. He flatters himself that he can and promises that he will offer them lower than any other house in this section of the country. These goods were bought low for cash, and will be sold low again for cash. Persons in want of such goods just call, examine and let the subscriber know that you have got the cash to pay for what you buy, and you will buy goods cheaper than you ever did before.

S. ARCHER.

East Market st., Greensboro, April 1, 1857.

STERLING LANIER. SAMPSON LANIER

LAMAR HOUSE,

(FORMERLY COLEMAN HOUSE.)

KNOXVILLE, TENN.

S. & S. LANIER, *Proprietors.*

MR. STERLIN LANIER, late of the Lanier House, Macon, Ga., and Sampson Lanier, late of Tuskegee, Ala., will be happy to meet all friends and customers at the Lamar House, where they have ample accommodation for 250 persons. 54:1y

J. N. WOOD,

AUCTION, COMMISSION & FORWARDING

MERCHANT,

Goldsborough, N. C.,

WILL attend to the sale of Flour and other Produce. 14tf

K. M. MURCHISON. A. J. HOWELL.

MURCHISON & HOWELL,

(Formerly of North Carolina)

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

104 *Wall Street.*

NEW YORK.

☞ Personal attention given to all business entrusted to their care. (57—1y.)

J. D. CUMMING. C. W. STYRON.

CUMMING & STYRON,

Commission and Forwarding

MERCHANTS,

WILMINGTON, N. C.

R. JUNIUS MENDENHALL,

Land Agent,

Will select and enter Government Lands with cash or warrants—make investments, loan money—and transact a general real estate Business throughout the North West.

Address, R. J. MENDENHALL,

(65::1y) Minneapolis, Minnesota.

NOTICE TO EMIGRANTS.—1280 acres of land for sale—The subscriber offers for sale the following tracts of land each containing 160 acres. The North-east quarter of section 24 of township 54 North in range 21 West. Chariton county, Missouri.

The North-west quarter of section 11 of township 56 in range 21 West. Chariton, co., Mo.

The South-west quarter of section 25 of township 1 North in range 9 West. Adams, co., Ill.

The North-east quarter of section 17 of township 4 South in range 7 West. Pike co., Ill.

The North-east quarter of section 15 of township 6 South in range 5 West. Pike co., Ill.

The North-east quarter of section 25 of township 1 South in range 5 West. Adams co., Ill.

The North-west quarter of section 10 of township 2 North in range 2 West. Schuyler co., Ill.

The South-west quarter of section 10 of township 1 North in range 3 East. Arkansas.

The titles are *Patent and Tax* which are equal to *a whole title.*

Address J. BEVERLY HUNTER,

General Land Agent, Sunsbury,

(61::3m) *Gates county, N. C.*

SWAN & CO.'S LOTTERIES

[*Authorized by the State of Georgia.*]

Capital Prize $50,000!!!

TICKETS ONLY $10!

Owing to the great favor with which our Single Number Lotteries have been received by the public, and the large demand for Tickets, the Managers, S. SWAN & CO., will have a drawing each Saturday throughout the year.

The following Scheme will be drawn in each of their Lotteries for May, 1857.

CLASS 34,

To be drawn in the City of Atlanta, Georgia, in public, on *Saturday, May* 2, 1857.

CLASS 35,

To be drawn in the City of Atlanta, Georgia, in public, on *Saturday, May 9th*, 1857.

CLASS 36,

To be drawn in the City of Atlanta, Georgia, in public, on *Saturday, May* 16th, 1857.

CLASS 37,

To be drawn in the city of Atlanta, Ga. in public, on *Saturday, May* 23, 1857.

CLASS 38,

To be drawn in the City of Atlanta, Georgia, in public, on *Saturday, May 30th*, 1857, on the Plan of Single Numbers. Three thousand two hundred and ninety Prizes! More than one Prize to every ten Tickets.

Magnificent Scheme!

To be drawn

EACH SATURDAY IN MAY!

1	Prize of	$50,000	is	$50,000
1	"	20,000	is	20,000
1	"	10,000	is	10,000
1	"	10,000	is	10,000
1	"	5,000	is	5,000
1	"	5,000	is	5,000
1	"	5,000	is	5,000
1	"	2,500	is	2,500
1	"	2,500	is	2,500
1	"	2,500	is	2,500
1	"	2,500	is	2,500
1	"	2,500	is	2,500
1	"	2,500	is	2,500
1	"	1,000	is	1,000
1	"	1,000	is	1,000
1	"	1,000	is	1,000
1	"	1,000	is	1,000
100	Prizes of	100	are	10,000
100	"	50	are	5,000

Approximation Prizes.

4	prizes of $225	to $50,000 are	$900
4	" 180	to 20,000 are	640
8	" 80	to 10,000 are	640
12	" 50	to 5,000 are	600
24	" 30	to 2,500 are	720
26	" 25	to 1,000 are	500
3,000	" 20	are	60,000

3,290 Prizes amounting to $304,000

Whole Tickets $10; Halves 5; Quarters 2½.

PLAN OF THE LOTTERY.

The Numbers from 1 to 30,000, corresponding with those Numbers on the Tickets printed on separate slips of paper, are encircled with small tin tubes and placed in one Wheel.

The first 218 Prizes, similarly printed and encircled, are placed in another Wheel.

The wheels are then revolved, and a number is drawn from the wheel of Numbers, and at the same time a Prize is drawn from the other wheel. The Number and Prize drawn out are opened and exhibited to the audience, and registered by the Commissioners; the Prize being placed against the Number drawn. This operation is repeated until all the Prizes are drawn out.

Approximation Prizes.—The two preceding and the two succeeding Numbers to those drawing the first 18 Prizes will be entitled to the 72 Approximation Prizes, according to the scheme.

The 3,000 Prizes of $20 will be determined by the last figure of the Number that draws the $50,000 Prize. For example, if the Number drawing the $50,000 Prize ends with No. 1, then all the Tickets, where the number ends in 1, will be entitled to $20. If the Number ends with No. 2, then all the Tickets where the number ends in 2, will be entitled to $20, and so on to 0.

Certificates of Packages will be sold at the following rates, which is the risk:

CERTIFICATE

of Package of 10 Whole Tickets,		$80
" 10 Half	"	40
" 10 Quarter	"	20
" 10 Eighth	"	10

In ordering Tickets or Certificates.

Enclose the money to our address for the Tickets ordered, on receipt of which they will be forwarded by first mail. Purchasers can have tickets ending in any figure they may designate.

The List of Drawn Numbers and Prizes will be sent to purchasers immediately after the drawing.

☞ Purchasers will please write their signatures plain, and give their Post Office, County and State.

☞ Remember that every Prize is drawn, and payable in full without deduction.

☞ All Prizes of $1,000 and under, paid immediately after the drawing—other Prizes at the usual time of thirty days.

All communications strictly confidential. Prize Tickets cashed or renewed in other Tickets at either office.

Address orders for Tickets or Certificates either to

S. SWAN & CO., Atlanta, Ga.
or at Montgomery, Ala.

(52::1y)

BOARD AT NORMAL COLLEGE.

AT a meeting of the citizens, the following was established as the price of Board for the next three terms:—Board including every thing necessary, except washing and fuel, paid in advance, $6.50 per month.

Paid at the end of the Term, 7.00 "

Washing, 75 "

This will reduce the necessery expenses to about $105 per annum, for the highest rates.

Next term commences September 17.

B. CRAVEN.

Sept. 2, 1856. 31-tf

A. PERRY SPERRY,

(Formerly of Greensborough, N. C.)

WITH

BELL, BROOKS, PACE & CO.,

IMPORTERS & DEALERS IN

STAPLE AND FANCY

DRY GOODS,

No. 89 Chambers, and 71 Reade Street,

1856.] NEW YORK. [2-1y

Cabinet Furniture

AND

COTTAGE BEDSTEADS,

MANUFACTURED BY

JOS. SEARS.

THESE BEDSTEADS, with other articles of Cabinet Furniture, kept constantly on hand and for sale cheap by the Manufacturer. Apply at his shop on Greene Street, between West Market and Sycamore.

Greensboro, N. C. 22:7m

MULLETS.—25 Bbls. LARGE Mullets, at

GEO. H. KELLEY & BRO.

Wilmington, March 9.

BLANK WARRENTS FOR SALE.

$100,000!!!

MARYLAND LOTTERY ON THE HAVANA PLAN. To be drawn in Baltimore, Md., on THURSDAY, April 30th, 1857. B. FRANCE & CO., Managers. Drawings conducted under the superintendence of the State Lottery Commissioner. Grand Capital Prize 100 prizes of $1,000 each. Lowest Prize in the Lottery $100! Whole Tickets $20.

This is the most Magnificent Scheme ever drawn in the United States. Only 30,000 *Tickets, all of which are printed as follows:*

5,000 in Whole Tickets.
5,000 in Half Tickets.
10,000 in Quarter Tickets.
10,000 in Eighth Tickets.

As all these Tickets will, no doubt, be sold by the day of Drawing, persons at a distance will forward their orders as soon as possible.

GRAND CONSOLIDATED LOTTERY OF MARYLAND. *Extra Class* 4, to be drawn in Baltimore, Md., Thursday, April 30, 1857.

SPLENDID SCHEME.

Capital Prizes		*Approx'n Prizes.*
1 prize of $100,000		4 of $800
1 prize of 50,000		4 of 600
2 prizes of 20,000		8 of 450
2 " of 10,000		8 of 350
2 " of 6,000		8 of 300
2 " of 5,000		8 of 250
2 " of 3,000		8 of 200
2 " of 2,850		8 of 150
100 " of 1,000		400 of 100
570 prizes, amounting to		$402,900

Whole Tickets $20; Halves 10; Quarters 5.

☞ Please address all orders for Tickets in the above Magnificent Scheme, to

T. H. HUBBARD & CO.
No. 39 Fayette st., or Box, No. 40,
(41::1y) Baltimore, Maryland.

T. H. Hubbard & Co., are our authorized agents to fill all orders for Tickets in the Maryland Lotteries R. FRANCE & CO.

SOUTHERN LOTTERY, ON THE HAVANA PLAN of Single Numbers. JASPER COUNTY ACADEMY LOTTERY, *by authority of the State of Georgia.* This lottery has only 15,000 numbers—less than any lottery in the world! *SATURDAY SMALL SCHEME!* to be drawn in public, at Macon, Ga., under the sworn superintendence of Col. Geo. M. Logan and W. C. Anderson, Esq. Every Saturday in March and April, 1857. 15,000 NUMBERS. Capital Prize $5,000!

Prizes payable without deduction.

Class 17, March 21st; Class 18, March 28th; Class 19, April 4th; Class 20, April 11th; Class 21, April 18th; Class 22, April 25th.

Scheme.

1	Prize of		$5,000
1	"		1,500
1	"		1,000
1	"		1,000
3	Prizes of $500	are	1,500
50	" 100	are	5,000
100	" 50	are	5,000
1,516	" 16	are	24,000
1,657	Prizes amounting to		$44,000

Whole Tickets $4; *Halves* 2; *Quarters* 1.

☞ Certificates of Packages of Ten Tickets, are sold at the following rates, which is the risk:

10 Whole Tickets	$24
10 Half "	12
10 Quarter "	6

Bank Notes of sound Banks taken at par. Checks on New York remitted for Prizes. Address Orders for Tickets or Certificates of Packages of Tickets to

JAMES F. WINTER, *Manager,*
(52::1y) *Macon, Ga.*

Extra Class X, Large Scheme draws May 15th, 1857, 30,000 Numbers—Capital $60,000.

DISSOLUTION.—The Firm of Harrell & Moring has been dissolved by mutual consent. The business of the Firm will be settled by G. W. Harrell.

Sept., 1856. HARRELL & MORING.

Tailoring—Fall and Winter Fashions.

Geo. W. Harrell takes this method of informing the public that he has received his supply of Paris, New York and Philadelphia Fashions for the Fall and Winter of 1856.

From my long experience, and the many advantages I have had, having been a pupil of Mr. J. W. Albright, of Philadelphia, celebrated for his skill in the art, I flatter myself that I cannot be excelled in *GARMENT CUTTING* in this country.

I hereby return my grateful acknowlegments for the very liberal patronage I have received since I have been in business here, and hope to merit and receive a liberal share of public favor,

My Shop is up stairs, over the Store of Mr. Wm. S. Gilmer, and immediately opposite the Bland House. G. W. HARRELL.

Oct., 1856. 40:tf

DRUGS! DRUGS!! DRUGS!!!

JUST to hand a large and well selected stock of Medicines, Oils, Paints, Dye Stuff, Brushes, Perfumery, Pomades, Extracts, Soaps, Cosmetics.

Also,

SEGARS of the choicest Brands; in fact, every article usually found in a Drug Store. Call on East Market. Orders promptly filled, Perscription carefully put up at all hours by

W. C. PORTER

G. H. KELLEY & BROTHER, Dealers in Family Groceries and provisions, No. 11 North Water St., Wilmington, N. C. Will keep constantly on hand, Sugars, Coffee, Molasses, Chees, Flour, Butter, Lard, Soaps, Crackers, Starch, Oils, Snuffs, &c., &c.

References.—O. G. Parsley, President of Commercial Bank, John McRae, President of Bank of Wilmington, of Wilmington; A. M. Gorman, Rev. R. T. Heflin, of Raleigh; J. & F. Garrett, David McKnight, of Greensborough. 8:1y.

MARBLE YARD.

NORTH STREET OPPOSITE HOPKINS HOTEL,

Greensboro, N. C.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country, that he has opened a Marble Shop a few doors North of the Court House, where he is prepared to furnish all kinds of MONUMENTS, TOMBS and GRAVE STONES, as cheap as they can be had in any part of the country. He flatters himself that for workmanship he will give satisfaction to the most fastidious. He invites all to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

GEO. HEINRICH.

Feb. 2, 1857. (57::1y.)

JAMES M. HUGHES, FASHIONABLE TAILOR, West Market Street, one door below the Book Store. All persons wishing Clothes made in the latest style and on the most reasonable terms, can be accommodated by calling at my shop. I have a regular agency by which I receive the Paris, New York and Philadelphia fashions every three months. No establishment in the country is better prepared to give good and fashionable work. One trial is all that is asked, and if satisfaction is not given as above, the money will be refunded both in cutting and making.

JAMES M. HUGHES,

March 12, 1857.

FRESH ARRIVALS.—Per Schr. A. J. DeRosset, from New York:—25 Bags Prime Laguyra Coffee; 15 Bbls. C. Yellow Sugar; 12 Jars pure Potash. Low for cash at

GEO. H. KELLEY & BRO.

Wilmington, March 9.

SIX MINUTE CHURNS.

ANOTHER Lot of these Celebrated Hydro Thermal Churns just at hand at Manufacturer's prices, only adding freight.

JAMES M. TOWLES,

(27::tf) *Raleigh, N. C.*

CARRIAGE FOR SALE.

A GOOD second-hand Carriage for sale very cheap. Apply soon to

July 11, 1856. R. G. LINDSAY.

TWELVE Sermons by Dr. Deems, Just received and for sale by

E. W. OGBURN.

A GENERAL assortment of Hardware, Grain and Grass Scythes, Nails, Cordage, &c. R. G. LINDSAY,

April, 1856. N. E. corner of Elm & Market.

J. W. HOWLETT, D. D. S. J. F. HOWLETT.

J. W. HOWLETT & SON, DENTISTS,

Respectfully offer their professional services to the citizens of Greensborough and all others who may desire operations performed on their teeth in the most approved, modern and scientific manner.

They are amply qualified to perform all and every operation pertaining in any way to Dental Surgery, unsurpassed for utility or beauty.

The Senior of the firm has in his possession Diplomas from the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, American Society of Dental Surgeons, and Dr. S. S. Fitch of Philadelphia, and has been in the regular practice of the profession for over twenty years.

They have furnished their Operating Rooms [on Market Street two doors above the Bland House,] in a handsome and comfortable manner for the reception of ladies, where one of the firm may always be found. Ladies will be waited on at their residences if desired.

January 1, 1856. 1-1y.

FARMERS HALL, Raleigh, N. C.

HARVEST.

July, 1856.

Grain and Grass Reapers.
Sinclair's, Montgomery, Rockaway Wheat Fans.
Heavy and light Horse Powers & Thrashers.
Revolving Horse Rakes.
Sinclair's and Grant's Grain Cradles.
Grain and Grass Blades, all sizes and best qualities.
Scythe Stones and Rakes, &c., &c.

Also,

Sinclair's French Burr Stone Grist Mill.
Ditto Iron Mill, & Corn & Cob Crushers combined warranted to grind table meal.
Scott's Little Giant, all sizes,
Sinclair's Little Champion, & Corn & Cob
Leavelt's improved Young Crushers.
America.
McGregory's Agricultural Boilers, all sizes.
Sinclair's Horse and Hand Iron Propeller Straw Cutters.
Corn Shellers, &c., &c., all of which may be had at Manufacturer's prices, with freight only added. JAMES M. TOWLES.

(27::tf) *Raleigh, N. C.*

JOHN W. PAYNE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

HAVING permanently located in Greensboro, N.C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.

Jan. 8, 1857. 53:1y

A NEW CABINET SHOP—J. A. PRITCHETT would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country that he has opened a CABINET SHOP on South street, one door from the Depot, where he is prepared to furnish all articles in his line such as Dressing Bureaus, Wardrobes, Bedsteads, Washstands, Tables, &c.

Work delivered on board the Cars *free of charge.*

He is desirous that all persons wishing anything in his line would call and examine his work as he is confident, from his past experience, that it cannot be excelled in any other shop. 60::1y

J. BEVERLY HUNTER,

GENERAL LAND AGENT,

SUNSBURY GATES Co., N. C.

WILL GIVE prompt attention to the collection of all County Land Claims, Revolutionary Pensions &c., that may be placed in his hands.

He will also attend to buying and selling located Lands in the States of Missouri, Illinois, Arkansas and Texas.

☞ Terms moderate. No charge made in any case unless Successful.

REFERS TO—

Thos. Bragg,	Governor N. C.
Hon. H. W Miller,	Raleigh N. C.
" Keneth Rayner,	Raleigh N. C.
Col. R. T. Paine,	M. C. N. C.
Joseph Segar	Hampton, Va.

(57—6m.)

ROWLAND & BROTHERS,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA,

ARE prepared to receive and dispose of, advantageously, any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience with every facility and ability enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for, and refer to among many others: Hon. Thomas Ruffin, John Newlin, P. A. Holt W. R. Albright, Alamance; J. H. Haughton, A. H. Lindley, Chatham; P. C. Cameron, John F. Lyon, W. J. Bingham, Orange; John Long, Randolph; E. G. Reade, G. & H. Williams, Person. 6::1yr.

FRESH ARRIVALS. PER SCHR HELENE, from New York:—25 Bags Rio Coffee; 15 Boxes Pale Soap Low for cash at GEO. H. KEELEY & BRO.

Wilmington, March 7.

CABINET WAREHOUSE

BY

PETER THURSTON,

West Market, Greensboro, N.C.

LARGE quantity of Furniture kept constantly on hand, or made to order cheap. Also, agent for Fisk's Patent Metalic Octagon Burial Cases.

January, 1857. 53:1y

THE REVISED CODE.

50 COPIES received and for sale.